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[ONE PENNY.]

LIVINGSTONE'S FATE.

THE discussion at the meeting of the British Association at Dundee, relative to the fate of Dr. Livingstone, is interesting to all classes, for this brave traveller was not only animated by a love of adventure which made him wish to solve geographical problems, but he also desired to propagate the Christian religion amongst the natives of pagan Africa, and civilize them by the gradual introduction of trade. Sir Samuel Baker despairs of ever seeing his old friend alive again. His view is a gloomy one. It is well known that the eminent traveller was engaged in an important exploration, with the intention of determining the watershed of eastern equatorial Africa. His object was to prove by actual inspection whether the Nyassa, from which the Shire flows to the Zambesi, was fed by a river from the north. He was then to reach the Tanganika Lake of Burton and Speke, and prove whether a river issued from that lake towards the south, or whether some river fed that lake from the south. He was afterwards to navigate the Tanganika to its northern extremity, and prove whether it was fed by a river from the north, or whether it communicated with the Albert Nyanza. With this great journey before him, Dr. Livingstone had reached and crossed over the northern portion of his Nyassa, which appears to have been so shallow that the canoes were polled across a sandy bed; this would suggest the existence of some tributary to the northern extremity of the lake, that in annual floods had brought down the deposit. Upon arrival on the western shore, he found himself in the hostile country of the Mazite, and during the march, a few days later, it is said that the party was suddenly attacked and overpowered. By the report of nine Johanna men and their leader Moosa, who, after great difficulties, returned to Zanzibar, it appears that Livingstone killed two of his assailants, but was himself struck down by the blow of an axe on the back of the neck. Moosa and the Johanna men had concealed themselves in a thicket, but after dark they ventured to the scene of the recent conflict, and discovered the body of Livingstone, with those of several of their own party, and two of the enemy. They scraped a hole in the earth and buried the body of our lamented traveller. This happened in about August, 1866; we have, therefore,



MISS KATE TERRY.

thought, that the lie itself is an example of profound skill. No native that I have ever seen would commit himself to so inartistic a lie as to declare to be dead a man who is still alive, who would become a witness at a future time against him. Should natives intend to desert their master, they invariably plead excuses that cannot be falsified—such as sickness or pretended lameness, that incapacitates them from marching; but the hardihood of the Johanna men, in committing themselves by the confession of their cowardice, is a surprising instance of veracity that could only have been prompted by the urgency of the calamity. To confess the death of a master is the extreme of moral courage, as a native would dread the suspicion that might fall upon him as the murderer. Therefore, the story of poor Livingstone's murder, although differing in details as described to various people by Moosa, I thoroughly believe to be substantially correct." Sir Roderick Murchison on the other hand hopes against hope, and expresses a belief in the Doctor's safety. Following Sir Samuel he declared that he still clung to the hope that Livingstone may be alive. He added: "So long as I am President of the Geographical Society I never will admit that a man of so much undaunted courage as Dr. Livingstone possesses, who has traversed and re-traversed Africa, accompanied by black men only on previous occasions; who on a former occasion was not heard of for more than a year—I will not, with my consent, allow the Geographical Society to go into mourning for such a man, and pronounce that he is dead, before I have much better testimony than the testimony of one man, and that man a convicted liar, who has been in our service before." When such learned pundits differ, it is hard for an outsider to form a reliable opinion, but we fear that the balance of probability is sadly in favour of Sir Samuel Baker's view, and that we shall never have the

been twelve months without further tidings. Sir Samuel said:—"I believe him to be dead. Those who still hope cling to the fact that the Johanna men are renowned as liars, and that they have trumped up a story to excuse their return. It is this very fact of their power of consummate lying that convinces me of the substantial truth of their statement. Natives are scientific liars; they do not lie absurdly, like Europeans, but they concoct their falsehoods with such fore-

pleasure of holding out the hand of welcome to one of the bravest and most determined men who has ever dared the perils of African exploration.

THE tower of Hereford Cathedral is being re-leaded, the old lead having become utterly useless through visitors cutting their initials on it, a practice to which the Dean and Chapter will for the future put a stop.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

Mr. J. H. BURTON, has been appointed by Lord Derby to the office of Royal Historiographer of Scotland.

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD LYONS had an audience of the Queen on the 7th inst., and was presented by Her Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs, and kissed hands on his appointment as Ambassador at Paris.

THE Mastership of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, which has been for some time vacant, has been conferred upon Mr. James Corry Lowry, Q.C., of the county of Tyrone. Mr. Lowry was called to the Irish bar in 1837. The income is £1,200 a year.

ON Thursday seven distinguished Japanese visited Windsor Castle, and were afterwards, by special command of Her Majesty, conducted over the Royal gardens, the Prince Consort's Model Farm, and the Royal dairy.

It is with deep regret we learn that the Earl of Derby is again suffering from an attack of his old malady, the gout. The noble Premier is at present staying at Knowlsey, surrounded by members of his lordship's family.

THE Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Cornelia Churchill embarked on board his grace's yacht on Thursday, from Aberdeen, for Inverness. The noble duke and duchess arrived at Gordon Castle on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Richmond.

ON Saturday the foundation-stone of a new harbour at Torquay was laid by Miss Palk, daughter of Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart., M.P. for South Devon and lord of the manor. The ceremony was duly gone through with, after which festivities commenced in honour of Sir Lawrence Palk's son having that day attained his majority.

THE Queen's book, of which we announced the completion some months ago, has been printed, and will shortly be given to the public. Her Majesty describes, in her own fresh and feminine style, a series of journeys, chiefly made by the Royal party in Scotland. A good deal of guide-book matter is thrown into the narrative, and there are many pleasant references to her travelling companions and servants. From this book the public will learn something authentic about the Prince Consort's gillie, who has recently attained a sort of grotesque notoriety.

EVERYBODY will be glad to hear that the paragraph now running through the press, to the effect that Mr. Charles Dickens is suffering from an acute and mysterious disease,—thereby causing that gentleman's friends, the whole reading public, very great alarm,—has no foundation of truth whatever. Mr. Dickens is living at his pleasant Kentish house, busy with his work, and enjoying the most perfect health; combining, to use a few of his own words, "his usual sedentary powers with the training of a prize-fighter."

THE death is announced of Mr. William Walker, the historical engraver. Among the numerous works of excellence executed by the deceased artist, the most generally known are the engravings of the "Passing of the Reform Bill," the "Aberdeen Cabinet," and the "Literary Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds." The last-mentioned work must have possessed peculiar interest to Mr. Walker, who had married the daughter of S. W. Reynolds, the engraver of all Sir Joshua's pictures. One of his latest productions, "The Distinguished Men of Science," occupied him six years, and cost him nearly £5,000 before bringing any return.

MR. P. H. MUNTZ, of Edstone Hill, has issued an address to the electors of Birmingham as a candidate for the third seat in the House of Commons. Mr. Muntz says in his address:—"In accordance with the wishes of many friends, and with a promise long since given, it is my intention to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages. To the majority of you my opinions are so well known as scarcely to require any explanation. To those younger men who arrived at maturity in the last seven years, during which a series of domestic afflictions have prevented me taking any part in public affairs, I have merely to state that my political opinions are decidedly Liberal, and that when the time arrives I shall be prepared to answer any questions in reference to public matters."

ON Friday morning a boy in the service of Mr. Roger Eykyn, M.P., at The Willows, near Windsor, took a horse to water on the bank of the Thames. While thus employed the horse reared, and the boy was thrown into the river. Mr. Schlötel, brother-in-law of Mr. Eykyn, noticed the horse loose, succeeded in catching it, and looking round for the boy was just in time to see him apparently drowning. Jumping into the river Mr. Schlötel seized the boy, and kept him up until Mr. Eykyn, who is an excellent swimmer, ran to the spot, plunged in, and gallantly brought Mr. Schlötel and the boy, much exhausted, in safety to the shore. The boy speedily recovered from the effects of his narrow escape from drowning, and Mr. Eykyn and Mr. Schlötel are none the worse for their immersion.

ON Friday afternoon a party of three officers of the Royal Engineers left Chatham for a sail down the river in one of the sailing boats kept for the use of the officers of the corps. The wind was blowing rather fresh, when the boat, on passing through Long Reach, was suddenly seized by a violent squall, the whole of the officers being immersed. Two of the party, Lieutenant Sir Arthur Mackworth and C. H. Mackenzie, were saved by some officers in two other yachts who had witnessed the accident, but the third, Lieutenant James Jameson Robertson, who was a good swimmer, was unfortunately drowned. The whole of Saturday some of the Engineers were employed in dragging the river, but were unsuccessful, partly owing to the wind blowing a perfect gale. The search was continued, but unsuccessfully, on Sunday morning. The sad event has caused a painful sensation throughout the entire garrison at Chatham.

It has been for some time determined to invite the Earl of Derby, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the whole of Her Majesty's Ministers to Manchester, to receive from the north of England the congratulations of the people on the brilliant ability and complete success with which they have, during their term of office, conducted the foreign and domestic affairs of the country. The 17th of October has been fixed for the event, which promises to be one of the most brilliant political demonstrations that has been made for many years. In addition to the noble Premier, invitations have been sent to and accepted by, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, the Earl of Malmesbury, Sir J. Pakington, and other members of the cabinet. The whole of the arrangements, so far as at present made, are on a very extensive scale, and will, we feel assured, very completely testify to the national gratitude and personal respect which are entertained for the distinguished guests.

It seems pretty certain that whatever may be the subjects which the Archbishop of Canterbury proposes to submit for discussion at the Pan-Anglican synod, what is called "corporate reunion" will be one of them. Acting on this belief, Dr. Pusey, Dr. F. G. Lee, Mr. Mackonochie, of St. Albans; Mr. Liddell, of Knightsbridge; Mr. Carter, of Clewer; Mr. Cecil Wray, of Liverpool; Mr. Lowder, of St. George's-in-the-East; Mr. T. W. Perry, of Brighton (one of the Ritual Commissioners); Mr. Upton Richards, of All Saints', Margaret-street; Mr. Going, of Waltham; Mr. G. C. White, of St. Barnabas, Pimlico; and other gentlemen whose names are familiar to High Church circles, have agreed upon an address, the gist of which is as follows:—"They express their sorrow at the long continuance of the divisions of Christendom, and their deep sense of the manifold evils which result from them. They therefore regard with fervent thankfulness the efforts made both in this country and in the United States towards a visible reunion between themselves and the Orthodox Church of the East, and appeal to the archbishops and bishops, British and foreign, to exert themselves to promote this object."

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE St. Leger was won by Achievement; Hermit 2, Julius 3. JOHN WIGGINS, accused of the murder of Agnes Oakes at Limehouse underwent another lengthened examination before Mr. Paget, at the Thames Police-office, on Tuesday and was committed for trial on the capital charge.

A FEW days ago a lady was standing on one of the breakwaters at Margate, when she suddenly fell in the sea. She sank twice before any assistance could be rendered, when Mr. James Toole, son of Mr. Frank Toole, the toastmaster, jumped in and gallantly rescued her as she was sinking, and conveyed her on shore.

LOUIS BORDIER, the Frenchman, charged with the murder of a woman named Snow, with whom he lived as his wife, was brought up at Lambeth on Tuesday. The wretched man, who fully admits his guilt, declined the offer of a legal adviser, saying it would be of no use. He was committed for trial.

THREE burglars, said to be the last of "Counsellor Casey's gang," were brought before Alderman Carden at the Mansion House, on Tuesday. They were apprehended with a great number of skeleton keys and jemmies in their possession, on Monday night. The accused were observing loitering about under circumstances which indicated that they had some congenial enterprise on hand. One of the officers said their selection of keys was so perfect as to open any lock in London. They were remanded.

A RAILWAY guard, named Peter Hooey, stationed on the line between Tralee and Mallow, has been suspended, and was brought before the magistrates at Tralee on the 6th inst., charged with having pointed out the Fenian informer Massey to persons at the various stations on the line. The prisoner's explanation of the matter was that several gentlemen who had served as jurors at the Kerry Assizes were pointing out Massey to him on the occasion complained of.

An accident occurred on the West Hartlepool Railway, on Monday, to a person named Robert Taylorson, belonging to West Hartlepool. He had to go to a village called Cowpen Bewley, midway between West Hartlepool and Stockton, and as the railway runs close past the place, he had contrived to obtain a ride upon one of the traffic engines. Before reaching Cowpen steam was partly shut off, but in jumping off Taylorson was frightfully mangled through falling on the rails.

A LOCAL preacher named William Downes, stands remanded on a serious charge at Hereford. A day or two since an old man named Cooper was working at "the Weir," and Downes was assisting to harvest barley. Downes, having had too much cider, ran away with the old man's axe. The old man went after him, whereon Downes savagely knocked him down, brutally kicking him in the ribs and battering his face. The old man was taken at once to a roadside hostelry, "The Kite's Nest," and thence to the infirmary, where he lies in a precarious state.

ON the 6th inst. while the Transatlantic steamer Iowa was proceeding down the Clyde, and while opposite Garmoyne, a seaman on board, who was said to have been under the influence of liquor, leaped from the ship into the river. The Glasgow and London-derry steamer Thistle, Captain Chenoweth, fortunately happened to be coming behind the Iowa at the time, and the act of the foolish fellow having been observed on board the former steamer, Captain Chenoweth ordered a boat to be lowered. The prompt manner in which the order was obeyed is worthy of special notice, the man having been picked up in about one minute from the time the command was given.

ON the 6th inst., the British Association at Dundee had a thoroughly scientific day, and a very large number of papers on a great variety of subjects were read. Besides these, there was an "Anthropological conference," at which Dr. Hunt explained that it had been convened because the science of anthropology had not had a section awarded to it. Mr. Geikie gave a lecture on the geological scenery of Scotland, and the freedom of the burgh was presented to the Duke of Buccleuch, and Sirs R. Murchison, Lyell, and Armstrong. On the 7th inst. the savans appear for the most part to have devoted themselves to a proper investigation and experience of Scotch hospitality.

THE quality of the new hops is remarkably good for the first picking, and the warm weather which we have had has forced the hops into growth and ripeness, improving them every day, although the heavy storms and wind have done some damage here and there. In some plantations there will be a capital crop both in quality and quantity, and others will yield a half and a third of a crop, which will pay at present prices. Another fortnight of warm, sunny weather will bring a pretty fair lot of samples to the great Worcester hop fair on the 19th instant, though picking will hardly be general before then. Altogether the prospects of the plantations have wonderfully improved in the last three weeks or a month. Pickers are beginning to migrate to the hop districts.

DURING the taking down of Whitburn Church several sepulchral slabs have been met with, having been used by a former repairer or restorer in the foundation. Unfortunately, in many cases, the edge on which in such memorials the inscription generally occurs has been cut off. They bear the usual symbols, crosses of various kinds. Some of them have a key, one has a culler, another a sword. Some of them are well cut, others rudely. Some of the walls bear evidence of great antiquity, mud and large stones from the beach being the principal components. Nothing has been found to throw any light as to the time of the foundation of the church, or the changes which it has undergone. It was modernised about fifty years ago. At that time it was probably in the state at which it stood at the Reformation. There are two bells, old. One of them bears an inscription asking the prayers of St. Mary, the other those of St. Andrew.

An inquest has been held at the Railway Tavern, Shrub-hill, Worcester, on the body of G. Palmer, aged eighty-four.—Hannah Purrott, niece of the deceased, deposed that on Tuesday night she, at the request of deceased, gave him some drops of anodyne. When pouring it out into the glass, instead of falling in drops, the liquid ran out in a stream. After giving him the medicine she felt uneasy lest she should have given him too much. He retired for the night, and when witness went to her bed-room she went to see how the deceased was, and he seemed better. On the following morning she took him some tea, when he appeared to be asleep. She roused him up, but he was unable to speak. A doctor was sent for, who found the deceased in a lethargic state. He had taken 350 drops of the mixture, ten drops being a full dose. The deceased died shortly after the medical man's arrival. The coroner summed up the evidence, and the jury returned a verdict "That the deceased met with his death by an overdose of morphia accidentally administered."

Two shocking cases of instantaneous death by lightning occurred during the recent thunderstorm on the Welsh borders of Shropshire, where the storm raged with extraordinary violence. In the first case, which happened in the neighbourhood of Knighton, a farm labourer, named Jones, was descending a ladder reared against a corn rick which he had been covering, when the electric fluid struck him, and he fell dead off the ladder at the feet of his little son, who was standing by watching him. The lad himself was struck by the lightning, but though it entirely destroyed one side of his trousers he escaped without the slightest bodily injury. In the other case the deceased, also a farm labourer, was standing by the kitchen fire in his master's house at Penegoes, near Machynlleth, when the lightning passed down the chimney and struck him dead on the spot. His wife, who was sitting down at the table was struck in the face, but not seriously injured. Several articles of furniture in the room were shattered, and a pig and a duck which were in the yard were killed.

METROPOLITAN.

DR. LANKESTER has fixed October 4, at ten o'clock, for the inquiry into the death of Elizabeth Stainsbury, who is alleged to have died from the effects of the impure air of the Metropolitan Railway.

MR. MACCABE, the extraordinary ventriloquist and entertainer, continues his performances at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. His programme is ample and various, and he still does wonders in the way of impersonation. His changes are instantaneous, and he passes from one character to another with equal facility and felicity. For the ease with which his assumptions are realized, he is, we think, without a rival.

An inquest was held at Guy's Hospital, on Monday, on the body of Thomas Chivers, aged 15 years. Last Thursday evening deceased got off a van on London-bridge to skid the wheel, and while doing so he slipped and fell on the road, and was dragged some distance under the wheel of the heavy vehicle. He died in a few minutes. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

FROM thirty-five to forty tradesmen—butchers, greengrocers, and others—of Stratford and West Ham, were summoned on Tuesday for having in their possession deficient weights and measures. The cases were heard at Rokeby House, before John Gurney Fry, Esq., Major Howard, and S. King, Esq. The charges were brought by Superintendent Bridges, inspector of weights and measures, and the justices inflicted fines varying in amount from 10s. and costs to £5 and costs.

TO-DAY is appointed for the opening of many London houses. Mr. Fechter re-appears at the Lyceum, when he will undertake the part of Claude Melnotte, a character in which many will be curious to see him. The Surrey will also re-open, and promises a new romantic drama by Mr. Watts Phillips, entitled "Nobody's Child;" as will likewise Sadler's Wells, with a new company, and the grand spectacle of "Aziel, the Prodigal,"—the part of Reuben will be supported by Mr. Loraine, and that of Aziel by Miss Marriott.

ARRANGEMENTS are in progress for the erection of a new church in Westminster for the accommodation of a new district to be formed out of the parish of St. James's, Piccadilly. It is hoped that a site may be obtained for the new church either in Great Marlborough-street or its immediate neighbourhood, and meanwhile a temporary church has been opened in the southern end of the old Pantheon. The Rev. W. W. Edwards, M.A., late curate of St. Luke's Church, Berwick-street, Soho, will be the incumbent of the new church and district.

ON Saturday the following return was made to the vestry of St. Pancras of persons who were amerced in penalties for using false weights and scales:—William Morgan, butcher, 70, Castle-road, Kentish-town, balance quarter of an ounce against the purchaser, first offence, fined 5s.; William Ambrose King, Prince of Wales-road, grocer and provision dealer, balance half an ounce against the purchaser, first offence, fined 5s. The publicity given to the convictions in these cases seem to be doing a great deal of good, as these were the only two cases reported.

A CORRESPONDENT draws attention to the fact that the "mock auction" *chevaliers d'industrie* have opened out a new branch of business, and now turn "the late gales" to account by pretending to have for sale, under the "permission" of the Board of Trade, bales of wrecked goods to pay the import duties. The fact that the goods offered are not of a class on which there are any import duties whatever, ought to be a sufficient warning even to the most easily gulled of their victims. An official letter from the Board of Trade states that its "permission" is also apocryphal.

A SHOCKING accident occurred on the Thames, off Crossness, on Friday evening, about seven o'clock. A Gravesend steamer, called the Metis, was on her way to London-bridge, when she was run into by a screw collier, and cut down below the water line. The captain of the Metis finding her sinking ran her ashore; but as the water had rushed in and filled the saloon, the most painful excitement prevailed. There were many hair-breadth escapes, but two children passengers and one of the crew were drowned. It would be premature to attempt to apportion the blame of this sad affair, but their will no doubt be a searching inquiry into the whole matter.

BERMONDSEY, redolent of indescribable smells, has had an addition to the many pestiferous smell producers. New premises have been opened, in the thickest of the population—in Bermondsey-street—for the purpose of boiling trotters for oil, and cooking and preparing dog's meat from paunches. Dr. Parker naively says that the latter, being not particularly fresh, caused a very disagreeable smell. So we should say. We have had the experience of Friar-street, in this respect. But are we to have the further experience of the neighbourhood of Friar-street—that is, a continuance of this effluvia? We believe a recent Act of the Legislature said something about not allowing the establishment of new works of this kind. Will it not be well for the vestry of Bermondsey to look at once to this view of the question, and not wait for repeated certificates from the medical officers, and do nothing with them when they are given?

DR. LANKESTER has held an inquest in the House of Correction Coldbath-fields, on the body of Daniel Crawley, otherwise Hawley, aged twenty, who committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell at the above gaol. The discovery created some surprise, as the deceased had gained the confidence of the prison officials, and had received a "star" for good conduct. He was sentenced to a term of nine months' imprisonment for stealing a shirt, a previous conviction having been brought against him. After hearing the evidence the coroner said it was not often that such deaths occurred in that prison, though they were not unfrequent at the House of Detention or the Model Prison at Pentonville. He believed that where there was an intention to commit suicide it was almost impossible to prevent it. It was a singular circumstance that where the means of destruction were freely allowed to insane persons they did not avail themselves of them. The return from Bethlehem Hospital showed that since the officials of that asylum had adopted the system of giving the lunatics their own way the suicides had decreased eighty per cent. A verdict of "Suicide under temporary insanity" was recorded.

THE memorial statue to the late Lord Clyde on the eastern side of Waterloo-place is now completed, and forms a very appropriate *vis-à-vis* to that of Sir John Franklin. This statue, which is the work of Baron Marochetti, is of bronze, and is a very faithful representation of the late Lord Clyde, in precisely the costume and attitude in which he appears in the mezzotint engraving from the portrait painted by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. The statue itself is eight feet three inches in height, and represents the gallant old general standing in his undress forage jacket, with his right hand in his pocket, whilst in his left he holds the turbaned species of helmet usually worn by officers in the Indian service during the hot seasons in that part of the world, and in front of which the general's sword is suspended from the waist-belt. There is that carelessness and readiness depicted for which the late Sir Colin Campbell was proverbial. The pedestal is a massive piece of workmanship. The base, some twelve or fourteen feet square, is composed of blocks of grey granite, and in front, at the height of from five to six feet, is a recess, on which is beautifully executed in bronze, considerably larger than life size, a crowned female figure, representing the Empress of India, seated on a couchant lion, and holding in one of her hands an olive or palm branch. The entire height from base to summit is twenty-six feet, and the frontage comes just beyond the line of railings of the garden in rear of the Senior United Service Club.

PROVINCIAL.

On Wednesday Her Majesty the Queen was pleased to forward the Royal bounty of £3 to Mrs. Threlfall, of Blackburn, who was lately delivered of three children at one birth.

The Professorship of Natural History in the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, has become vacant by the appointment of Dr. Traquair to the chair of Zoology in the new School of Science in Dublin. It is in the gift of the governors.

The boats engaged in the North Sea herring voyage have made some good hauls, and about 600 lasts were landed last week at Great Yarmouth. The quality of the herrings has, however, been indifferent, and prices have ruled low; the more general terms been £5 to £8 per last (13,200 fish).

The extensive saw mills of Messrs. Gardiner and Tralee, in Broad-street, Birmingham, were burned down on Saturday morning. The building was insured, but the machinery and stock were not, and the loss occasioned by the destruction of these, amounting to between £2,000 and £3,000, falls entirely on the firm, who are completely ruined. They were hard-working and enterprising men. They were both journeymen a few years ago, and they were just succeeding in their new sphere when this misfortune befell them.

At the Barmbridge Petty Sessions, in Ireland, another Twelfth of July procession case has been opened. This is the fourth place at which the magistrates have been engaged in inquiries arising out of the processions of that anniversary or of Lady-day. Sixteen persons are charged with being the prominent actors on the occasion of this unlawful assemblage. Mr. Rea, who attended to defend the prisoners, obtained an adjournment. He promised to prove that "the Pope's body guard were all dressed in orange."

We hear from all directions that coveys are numerous, and of good average numbers, but that the birds in very many districts are yet remarkably small and backward, second broods being more than usually plentiful. The harvest being so very late, the bags made have not been, as a rule, so large as usual. We hear likewise from several of our shooting correspondents, that in many places the birds are exceedingly wild, shy, and difficult to approach. The report as to the disease amongst partridges appears to have been entirely without foundation.

A LARGE party assembled at the Town Hall, Folkestone, on Thursday evening, to present to Mr. Charles Doridant, proprietor of the Pavilion Hotel, a testimonial value 250 guineas. The testimonial was in the form of a handsome silver epergne, by Messrs. Garrard, of the Haymarket, and was presented by the mayor to Mr. Doridant in recognition of his attention to his duties, and of his zeal for the welfare of the town during the three years he held the office of mayor of the borough of Folkestone.

A MR. JAMES WILSON, solicitor, was charged before the Liverpool magistrates on Saturday with passing a bad half-sovereign at a fruiterer's shop, in Ranelagh-street. The case was rather a curious one. The prisoner first tendered a good half-sovereign, and when the fruiterer was looking for change, he said, "Oh, you need not change the half-sovereign, I have copper." He then fumbled in his pockets. "I find I have not the change after all," he said, and then again offered a half-sovereign, which the fruiterer, believing it to be the same one which had been tendered at first (and which he knew from examination to be good) at once changed, giving Mr. Wilson 9s. 9d. When Wilson had left the shop the half-sovereign was found to be bad, and he was subsequently apprehended. The case was remanded, and the prisoner has since been discharged.

On Saturday Mr. Worship, a Liverpool solicitor, summoned the conductor of an omnibus plying between Liverpool and Wavertree, for refusing to find him a seat. The vehicle was licensed to carry fourteen outside passengers, and Mr. Worship, before the bus started, had tendered the ordinary outside fare (3d.), but the conductor refused to take him on the ground that there was no room. There were fourteen persons outside, but one of these was a "checker" employed by the proprietors, and not, as Mr. Worship contended, a passenger within the meaning of the Act of Parliament. The magistrates decided that the checker had no right, under the circumstances, to occupy a seat claimed by a passenger who had tendered the stipulated fare, and as Mr. Worship did not press for damages, a nominal fine of 1s. and costs was imposed. The omnibus proprietors gave notice of appeal.

A FEW nights ago riotous disturbances took place at the Monkwearmouth Colliery in consequence of a miner named Richardson, who acted as the local secretary to the Miners' Permanent Fund, and received the moneys of the men, being found to be much in arrears. A committee have been sitting, who bring in the amount due from him to be £35. Richardson has sent in a letter, admitting that there have been "omissions," and undertaking to repay them, but disputing the accuracy of the amount. The indignation amongst the residents at the colliery has been displayed by the burning of effigies representing Richardson, who is a class leader, and by the most discordant yelling and cries, lasting for several hours. On one night three of these were burnt, and the mob proceeded to pull down the fence in the rear of his house and to make a bonfire with the materials. As these proceedings took place on the private ground of the colliery the police did not interfere, but the assemblages have become such a nuisance that they intend putting a stop to them.

PUBLIC PARKS IN LIVERPOOL.—Liverpool is well provided with public parks, the Corporation having adopted arrangements by which the town has been surrounded by a cordon of these health-recruiting spots. At the extreme north is the Stanley Park, 160 acres in extent, purchased of the Earl of Derby, and now being laid out by Mr. Kemp. Shiel Park, named after a member of the Council, has been completed; and then follow on the east the Newsham House Park, the Wavertree Park, and the Botanical Gardens. To the south-east is the Prince's Park, provided by the munificence of the late Mr. R. V. Yates; and near this comes in the new Sefton Park, the competition of designs for laying out which we have recently noticed. Our contemporary, the *Builder*, has published a good bird's-eye view of the proposed arrangements for this latter, and sketches of some of the residences and other erections, which seem commodious and tasteful. Of the 400 acres of which the Park consists, 113 are devoted to building sites; 19 to a Botanical Garden, 14 to water, and 64 to roads and drives, leaving 190 to be planted and laid out in walks, &c. The staking out of the roads and drives is being rapidly proceeded with. We notice that our contemporary, like many others perhaps who are not familiar with the subject, fails to distinguish between what is called "gardening" and "landscape gardening," for he speaks of Mr. Nesfield, to whom the competition designs were referred, as "the distinguished metropolitan gardener"—a title under which, we apprehend, he would fail to recognise himself. The truth is, that gardening and landscape gardening, though occasionally and to varying degrees carried out by the same individual, are really and essentially distinct, the one being devoted to the culture of plants for use or ornament, the other entirely to the creation of tasteful and beautiful scenery—in a word, to the disposition of the ground, and the arrangement of the living materials by which it is decorated, which latter it is the gardener's business to tend with a loving hand.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—The sums provided by the Congress of the United States to supply all who have lost limbs in the late war with artificial ones have produced an extraordinary amount of ingenuity in that kind of manufacture. We are told that some are actually walking about in patent leather boots on artificial legs that are altogether above suspicion, and that artificial hands elegantly gloved are made to respond to the friendly shake or gentle pressure.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

A SCHOOL intended for the training of coast pilots has been founded at Rochelle, on board the steamer *Argus*.

MADAME VIARDOT has been occupying herself with composing an opera in one act, to a text by the distinguished Russian author, M. Tourgueneff. Report speaks highly of the music.

The Sublime Porte has chosen the towns of Koniah, Sivaz, and Kharpout to be the starting points of railways leading to the sea; the reparations of the road to Erzeroum have also been declared as urgent.

MR. JOHN OXENFORD, the most learned and expert of dramatic critics, is in New York, from which city he is sending to the *Times* those delightful papers on the American stage by a London playgoer, which appear from time to time in the daily journal.

In November the Théâtre Lyrique will lose Mdlle. Nilsson; she will go to the Opéra, where she appears as Ophelia, in Ambroise Thomas's new opera of "Hamlet." Mdlle. Miolan-Carvalho is said to be jealous of all the clear-noted nightingales that approach her.

The presentation of the ladies of Amiens to the Empress was a great affair, and curseys had been practised for many days beforehand. One young lady advanced to make her reverence, and at the critical moment her foot caught in her dress, and she remained perched on one leg, like a bird.

A TELEGRAM from Constantinople, of Thursday, attributes to the *Levant Herald* the premature announcement that the Abyssinian captives had been set at liberty by King Theodore. That paper now contradicts the report, which ought for obvious reasons never to have been set afloat unless there were the best grounds for believing in its authenticity.

In their treatment of the captured insurgents, the Spanish Government have wisely determined to execute the law with moderation, and more in accordance with the human spirit of the age than on the occasion of some previous outbreaks. We give them all credit for the decree just issued commutating the punishment in the case of persons taken in arms against the Government from the extreme penalty of death to that of penal servitude.

ADVICES received from Mexico to the 21st ult. report that a grand banquet had been given to Juarez on his arrival at the capital, at which he expressed a hope that the nation would imitate the clemency and moderation in victory of the United States. The populace were tired of bloodshed, and would unite with the press in demanding a general amnesty. A positive denial was given to the massacre of Imperialists at Queretaro. The army was to be reduced to 18,000 men, and many prisoners were to be released.

SKIPPER TURNER, of the schooner *Algerine*, has furnished the *Times* of Hamilton, Ontario, with an account of a splendid meteor that fell into Lake Ontario very recently. The skipper first beheld an illumination in the north-west; then he saw what seemed to be a large body of fire approaching with terrific speed. The light thrown out by this blazing ball was so intense that two of the crew of the *Algerine* fell to the deck, overcome by terror. The meteor struck the water at a point about 300 yards from the bow of the schooner. Immense quantities of steam and spray ascended, and the captain's ears were stunned by the terrible sound that announced the instant of contact of the aerolite and the water. The skipper says that a long trail of flame streamed after the meteor.

The guests of the fashionable Union Hotel at Saratoga were thrown into a state of alarm lately by a murder, the scene of which was the lounging-room of the hotel. One Jones, a deputy-sheriff, drunk, approached one Kirby a billiard sharper, not drunk, and took from Kirby's knee a cane. Kirby remonstrated. Jones struck Kirby upon the face, and stepped back a few feet, at the same time throwing one hand behind his right hip, to the pocket where the American keeps his revolvers. Kirby at once snatched out a pistol and fired it at Jones, who fell dead, the ball having severed the spinal column. The body of Jones was taken away; Kirby was escorted to the station-house by a gratified policeman and several well-pleased citizens; and the Shoddies and the M'Flimsies cantered downstairs just in time to see the servants of the hotel sopping up the blood with apologetic sawdust.

FEARFUL ACCIDENT ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

A FATAL accident of an extraordinary character occurred on Monday evening, on the Midland line from Manchester to Derby. About five o'clock a rather heavy cattle train passed through New Mills Station, drawn by two engines. It had reached the Peak Forest tunnel, near Chapel-en-le-Frith, in safety, when it came into collision with a ballast train that was unloading there. Several of the ballast workers were injured, and a little girl belonging to one of them, who had been bringing him a pair of clogs, was killed as she stood with him on one of the waggons. By the shock of the collision the coupling iron which attached the foremost cattle truck to the second of the two engines was broken, and the whole of the trucks, twenty-three in number, were impelled backwards down the incline. It is conjectured that the engines must have been disabled, and the line blocked up in the tunnel, or an attempt could have been made to pursue the runaway trucks. Unfortunately also the telegraph wires were out of order, and it is said that the accident at the tunnel was neither known at the nearest station until more than an hour after it occurred, nor was there any intimation of it received at New Mills, until the detached train of trucks, after rolling down the incline at a high speed, arrived again in sight of that station at six o'clock. The pointsman, as soon as he perceived them, is believed to have put up the danger signal to warn an express train coming on the same line from Manchester, and of course going in the opposite direction. The driver of the express, which was going at slow speed, applied the brakes as soon as he emerged from the New Mills Station, and had succeeded in reversing his train when its position on the curve at that point enabled him to see the danger impending. The driver, stoker, and guard then jumped off, and their train had already moved some 40 yards back when the trucks overtook it, and a collision even more fatal than the first was the result. The weight of the disaster, however, fell entirely upon the cattle train, on which five drovers were clinging at the time. Whilst the passenger train, deprived of all control, and yielding to the shock from the trucks, was impelled down the incline at a great speed, no portion of it leaving the rails, and sustaining no damage beyond the knocking in of the end of the engine boiler, the cattle trucks were scattered and broken in all directions, and it is believed four of the drovers were killed. Three of them, just before this collision, were seen at the sides of the trucks. Two of these tried to jump off, but were afterwards found each with a foot cut off. One of these also had a fatal wound in the head, and was found lying in a pool of blood. The second of them, it is hoped, may recover. Their companion sustained, it is supposed, internal injuries by the shaking, or he died soon after his removal from the station. Two other men were in the guard's van of the cattle train. For more than two hours after the collision they remained buried in the wreck. The body of one of them was then extricated, and he appeared to have been simply crushed to death. The body of the fifth man, who is also dead, was doubled up in a remarkable posture, his feet on a level with his mouth, and his clothing stripped from his back. Jammed in this position he still remained at the time our informant left. It is hoped no other persons were injured at New Mills. The line was completely blocked up by the wreck of the cattle train. Of the twenty-three trucks all except nine were smashed. Several of the cattle were killed, and there were fifty or sixty sheep scattered about the bank, dead or dying. Five or six of the trucks were reduced to mere chips.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.—Despite the fineness of the weather, which must always prove inimical to evening entertainments at this period of the year, and despite the fact that all London is pretty well out of town just now, the excellence and variety of Mr. Russell's programmes are so undeniable as to prevail with a large crowd of persons to visit the great theatre in Bow-street nightly. The "classical nights," on Thursdays, are, of course, the most attractive; but the "popular nights" are dearer to a large section of the musical community; and every inducement is held out in the selection to please the general ear. Since we last wrote of the Covent Garden Concerts, Signor Bottesini, the conductor in chief, has appeared as a solo player, and has astonished and delighted his audience by his matchless performance on the contra-basso. More recently the celebrated violinist, M. Wieniawski, has played, and vindicated his claims to the title of one of the most accomplished of living exponents on this instrument. The list of instrumental performers, indeed, is more than what former managers of promenade concerts had accustomed the London public to, except on rare occasions. With Signor Bottesini and M. Wieniawski there are Mr. Wehli, the pianist, who finds extraordinary favour in the eyes, or ears, of his audiences; Mr. Reynolds, who is one of the best of cornet players now before the public; and, until lately, Master Bonnay, the wonderful boy-player on the xylophone. The specialty of the past week has been the "Beethoven night," which was given on Thursday, and which had so triumphant a success that it will be repeated in the principal items. The features of the Beethoven selection were the Pastoral Symphony, the great overture to *Leonora*, first movement of the Violin Concerto, played by M. Wieniawski; the posthumous Allegretto for the orchestra; and "Adelaide," performed on the double bass by Signor Bottesini. The Pastoral was a great achievement for the band, and the overture was rapturously applauded, the audience persisting in wanting to have it played again. This request, though peremptory, was not complied with. Signor Bottesini had an enthusiastic recall after "Adelaide," although we cannot help thinking that the transference of the song from the highest male voice to the lowest stringed instrument was somewhat of an error—in a "classical" selection. There was only one vocal piece, Mignon's song, "Kenst du das Land?" sung by Mdlle. Sarolta. The second part was, as usual, miscellaneous, and was conducted by Herr Strauss. The dance music of Herr Strauss is nightly admired and liberally applauded. The "classical" selection on Thursday was from the works of Mozart. On this occasion, Madame Jetty Treffz, the celebrated German songstress, made her first appearance for several years, and sang, among other things, "Vedrai Carino," from "Don Giovanni." Madame Jetty Treffz was exceedingly popular in this country, and for a long time constituted one of the chief attractions of Jullien's concerts. Her old admirers attended in force on Thursday evening and gave her a hearty welcome.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The performances have arrived at their seventh week, and are announced to close in a fortnight—not because the attraction is in the least on the wane, but because the term secured by the Messrs. Defries and Sons will have expired by that time, and the hall will be wanted for other purposes. The experiment has taught a good lesson, and no doubt the success of the concert season will induce the Messrs. Defries, or some other speculators, to consider the policy of giving musical entertainments annually in the fairy palace on a large scale, and surrounding them with such attractions as have called forth the unqualified admiration of all who witnessed them. Mr. Frederick King-bury, on his part, as conductor, has shown himself eminently fitted for the post, and it would be vain to seek for a better musical director. The concerts of the past week have been supported in the vocal department by Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Baumister, Miss Julia Derby, Messrs. Tom Hahler, George Ferren, and W. H. Weiss. Mr. Levy remains as cornet player. The great "British Army Quadrille" of Jullien continues its attraction, and another piece by the same composer—selections from "Der Freischütz," said to have been Jullien's last work—has been added to the programmes with great effect.

SIR JOHN BOWRING AT DUNDEE.—In a speech delivered by Sir John Bowring at Dundee, at the meeting of the British Association, Sir John urged that greater attention should be paid at our public schools to what are vulgarly called the three R's—reading, writing, and arithmetic. He stated that when he was Governor of Hong-Kong a highly-connected young gentleman was sent out to him for public employment, bringing recommendations from very influential quarters. A report having shortly afterwards reached him of the gentleman's ignorance, he sent for him and examined him as to his proficiency in spelling. When required to spell the word candle, the highly connected young gentleman spelt it "kandell."

A CELEBRATED FRENCH SURGEON.—The celebrated French surgeon Velpeau, who died suddenly on the 25th ult., was born at Breches, near Tours, on the 18th of May, 1795. He was brought up as a shoemaker, but having made the acquaintance of the well-known medical writer Bretonneau at Tours, he was admitted as a student in the medical school of that city, where he soon gained a reputation for extraordinary ability. Velpeau next went to Paris to continue his medical studies, and, after passing all the examinations with unexampled rapidity, obtained the appointment of professor of clinical surgery after a spirited contest with his fellow-candidate, Lisfranc. In 1833 the Medical Academy of Paris elected him a member of that body, and ten years afterwards he was admitted into the French Institute. Velpeau is the author of several surgical works of great value, among which the "Traité d'Anatomie Chirurgicale" and "Traité de Médecine Opératoire" are the most celebrated. His funeral was attended by representatives of all the principal medical bodies of France, and by a great number of physicians from other countries.

THE REMEDY FOR THE FINANCIAL INACTIVITY.—The Bank of England and France should instantly lower the rate of discount, and invest a large proportion of their now idle deposits in the public securities of their own country. It is true there is no precedent of 1½ per cent. minimum in the history of the Bank of England. But there is no precedent of the Bank of England holding 24 millions of gold. A precedent should be created in circumstances that are new, and may again occur. There is no precedent of the Bank of France or any other bank holding nearly 39 millions of gold; but there are precedents of the minimum rate of the Bank of France being 2 per cent. Yet with all this gold the Bank of France persists in maintaining a 2½ per cent. rate. It might not be easy to find precedents of banks buying the securities of their own Government in a period of political apprehension; but in the present case there are the highest possible assurances of peace in France, and in England it would be absurd to affect apprehensions that no man feels. To lower the rates of discount, and to buy Government stocks under such circumstances, would tend to a simultaneous revival of commercial and political confidence which otherwise may be put off until a new generation arises, unfettered by maxims which, if not obsolete, are inapplicable. And we contend that, holding such eminent positions, institutions such as the Bank of England and the Bank of France are bound by their position to manifest confidence in their country, and to make common cause with their respective peoples in supporting trade and industry, which offer better securities than fleets and armies for peace and contentment.

THE BENCH AND BAR AT HONG-KONG.

THE "scenes" in court between judge and counsel on the Northern Circuit, undignified as they were, will bear comparison with an incident which is reported by the Hong-Kong papers. Mr. Pollard, Q.C., a barrister who has practised in China for the last twenty years, was conducting a civil action in the Supreme Court at Hong-Kong, before the Hon. J. Smale, Chief Justice of the colony, and some reference being made to a Chinaman in the service of the plaintiffs in the case, the Chief Justice said that as the man was a servant of the plaintiffs they should have produced him, to which Mr. Pollard, the plaintiffs' counsel replied, "You can not produce him like a piece of paper; let him be subpoenaed in the usual way." The judge rejoined that if the witness were not produced, he would "take that into account" in his direction to the jury, upon which Mr. Pollard exclaimed, "I will put only those witnesses in the box which I, as counsel for the plaintiffs, may see fit. I may make a mistake, but I will not be dictated to or talked down by any one as to what I am to do." The Chief Justice, after declaring that the language which Mr. Pollard was in the habit of using was most disrespectful to the Court, left the bench, but shortly afterwards returned and asked Mr. Pollard if he apologised. After a good deal of altercation between the judge and the barrister, the case was adjourned "indefinitely," his lordship declaring that he must have an apology from Mr. Pollard before the trial could go on. The litigants, however, preferred submitting their differences to arbitration to waiting for the restoration of a good understanding between judge and counsel. Two days afterwards (on June 29) another "scene" took place, and the Chief Justice announced that he would give his decision

THE GREAT MENEHOIT VIADUCT.

AMONG the many features of interest connected with the railway from Plymouth to Truro, the viaducts are certainly the most striking. The nature of the country through which the line passes is by no means favourable to the construction of railways. No less than thirty-six viaducts are erected between Plymouth and Truro, having an aggregate length of upwards of three miles. Many of these are of great height, as in the case of the beautiful Menehoit Viaduct, shown in our illustration. It is constructed of timber, resting on stone piers, and is 682 feet long, and 134 feet high.

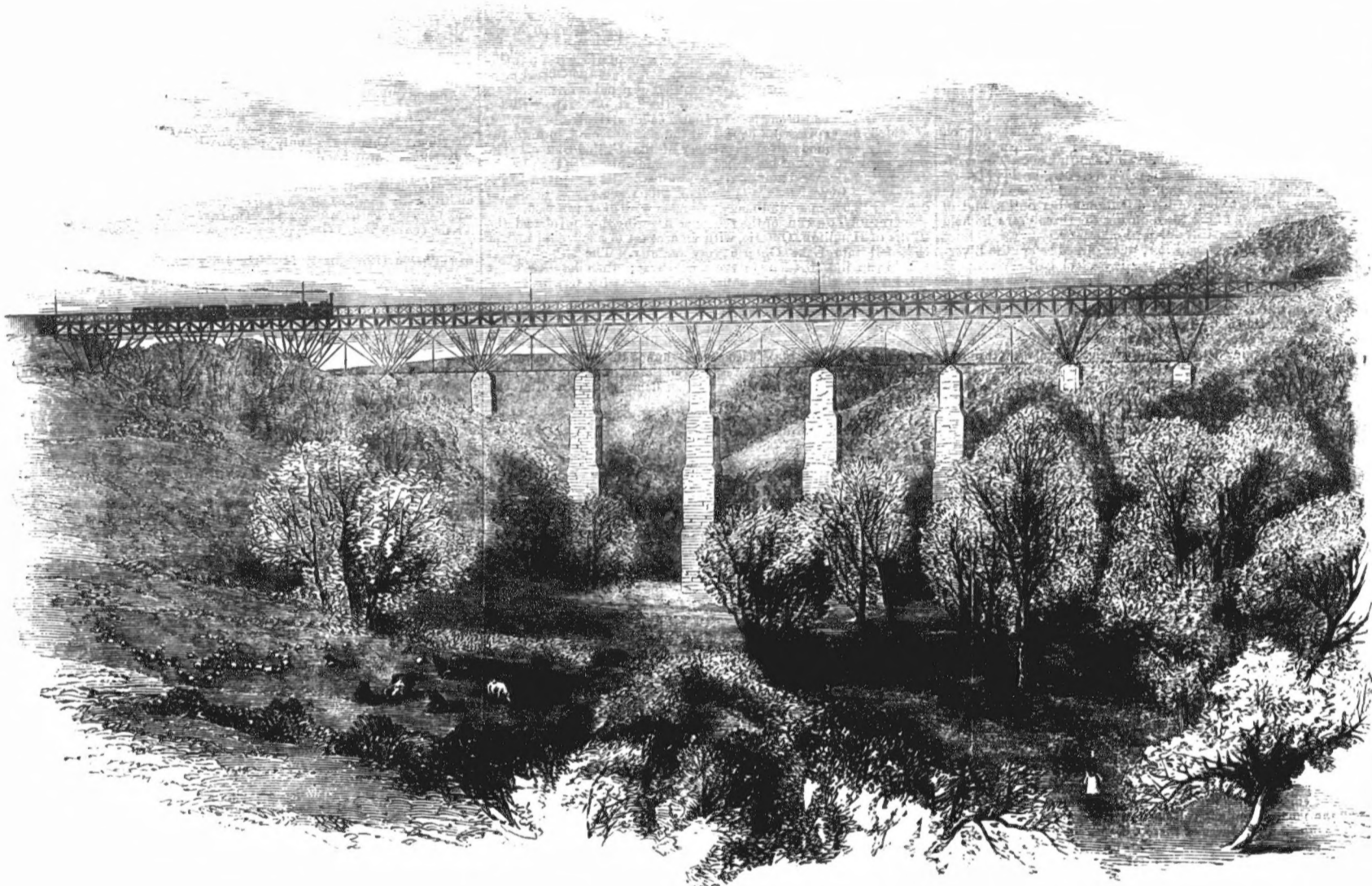
MISS KATE TERRY.

THE retirement of Miss Kate Terry from the stage, in the very height of her professional career, is a fact much to be regretted, though when we consider how well she has pleased and served the play-going public for many a season past, we cannot but accord to her the right of pleasing herself now, and studying her own happiness in a domestic circle instead of studying parts for the exclusive pleasure of the dress and other circles of the theatre. After a few provincial appearances, Miss Kate Terry enters upon a matrimonial engagement, and that it may be a happy one is the ardent wish of her admiring friends.

Miss Kate Terry, whose portrait we give, was born at Falmouth, in Cornwall, and at the early age of four commenced her professional career on the Worcester Circuit, appearing for the benefit of Mr. Edmund Falconer, then the leading actor of the company, and lately one of the lessees of Drury Lane Theatre. She subsequently acted the parts allotted to children at the Glasgow Theatre, and

A MEMORIAL TO DE FOE.

WITH regard to our suggestion of last week, that a memorial should be erected to De Foe in Bunhill-field, a Correspondent objects that the famous author had but weak ideas on the subject of negro slavery, and that we should err in not condemning, much more in actively applauding, his neglect to mark with disapprobation the cool manner in which he records the sale of Xury by Robinson Crusoe. Our Correspondent adds, that had De Foe been so warm an advocate for freedom as has been represented,—that is, not simple freedom of opinion, still less mere freedom of the press,—he would have seized this incident in the famous adventures of the mariner of York, and "improved the occasion" in the true missionary fashion. To this we may demur—1. That De Foe was not Robinson Crusoe. 2. That Xury was not a negro Christian, but a Mohammedan by birth, if not by conviction and education. 3. That after the picking up of Crusoe and Xury by the captain of the Portuguese slave, the last purchased the boat of their escape with a note-of-hand for eighty pieces of eight, payable in Brazil (the precise value of a piece of eight in that country at this period would be rather hard to define); and offered sixty pieces of the same value—no doubt another "bill"—for Xury. Our Correspondent has not recently looked into his "Robinson Crusoe," or he would have observed the careful manner in which this incident is marked by the author, who, with reference to this very handsome offer, wrote:—"I was loth to take (it), not that I was unwilling to let the captain have him, but I was very loth to sell the poor boy's liberty who had assisted me so faithfully in procuring my own. However, when I let him know my reason, he owned it to be just, and offered me this medium, that he would



THE GREAT MENEHOIT VIADUCT.

on the matter on July 2, when he pronounced Mr. Pollard guilty of grave contempt of court, fined him 200 dollars, and suspended him from practice for a fortnight, or until the fine was paid. His lordship read his judgment, which was of considerable length, from a MS., occasionally, however, interrupting the thread of his argument to remark upon the deportment of the offending counsel. Once Mr. Pollard smiled, on which the Chief Justice remarked, "This is very amusing, Mr. Pollard, but it is law." Shortly afterwards he suddenly exclaimed, "I am astonished at your staring, Mr. Pollard." "It was a stare of astonishment, my lord," remarked the learned counsel. "Stare on, Mr. Pollard," said the Chief Justice: "this is a subject for staring." At another passage in his address his lordship paused, and, looking at the contumacious barrister, said emphatically, "Mr. Pollard, your eyes are opened very wide." "And with cause, my lord," replied Mr. Pollard. His lordship pronounced Mr. Pollard to have been guilty of six contempts, which consisted briefly of one "pointed and curt answer," with an "apparent" purpose of raising a laugh against the Chief Justice; two "tones and manners," with "inferences;" one "imputation, the converse of what had occurred;" one avowal of a desire not to be "aggressive;" and one "tone," "inferring" that Mr. Pollard had more respect for the bench—i.e. for the wooden chair—than he had for its occupant. At the conclusion of the Chief Justice's address Mr. Pollard endeavoured to speak, but his lordship declined to hear him, and advised him to appeal to the Privy Council, or to bring the matter before the Benchers of the Inn of Court of which he was a member. Popular sympathy in the colony appears to be strongly in favour of the offending barrister, and the fine imposed upon him has been raised by subscription in small sums, and presented to him with an address.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Gentlemen, before starting for the Continent, should go to JONES & Co's, 73, Long Acre, and purchase one of their Half-Guinea Hats (the Hamilton), new shape, which, for style and durability cannot be equalled.—Jones & Co. Manufacturers, 73, Long Acre.—[ADVT.]

played Edward in "Grandfather Whitehead," with the late Mr. W. Farren, who expressed himself greatly delighted with the natural acting of the little lady. She then became a member of the Liverpool and York Circuits, when she came under the observation of Mr. Charles Kean, who, appreciating her talents, offered her an engagement at the Princess's, London. She first appeared as Robin in "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" afterwards as Prince Arthur, Ariel, and Cordelia. Miss Terry remained at the Princess's until Mr. Kean's retirement from the management of that house. She then, in conjunction with her sister, gave successful entertainments in London and the provinces; and on Mr. Fechter becoming manager of the Lyceum, she engaged under his banner, playing in "Bel Demonio," "Ophelia" in "Hamlet," and other pieces.

THE GAME LAWS.—The following form of a petition was recently sent to the editor of *Bell's Messenger*:—To the Honourable the House of Commons in Parliament assembled. The humble petition of the undersigned tenant farmers and others sheweth, that the game laws, as at present constituted, are detrimental to the interests of the country, morally, socially, and materially. Morally: Because the encouragement they give to the excessive preservation of game interferes with the employment of labour in the proper cultivation of the soil, and thus constant temptation, held out to enforced idleness, leads on to crime. Socially: Because this excessive preservation of game engendered by the game laws, breeds discontent where goodwill would otherwise prevail, disturbs the relation between landlord and tenant; in short, separates at heart one class from another. Materially: Because, under the influence of these laws, men reap not where they sow, and sow not where, under other circumstances, they might reap. Your petitioners, therefore, deeply impressed with the necessity of a legislative remedy for these evils, humbly impetrate your honourable House to pass a law which shall have the effect of removing hares and rabbits out of the category of game and of securing to the tenant farmers, on lands they occupy, the entire control over such animals. And your petitioners will ever pray, &c., &c.

give the boy an obligation to set him free in ten years if he turned Christian. Upon this, and Xury saying he was willing to go to him, I let the captain have him,"—and, although news would be welcome, we hear no more of Xury either in the "Adventures" or elsewhere. It is very easy to call in question the morality of this transaction; but considering the circumstances, the times, the views of Crusoe on slavery, from which he had just escaped, and his great difficulty in disposing of his white elephant of a Mohammedan lad, it is hard to say what choice offered itself without disobliging the captain who acted with so much generosity. Some sea-captains of much later dates than this would have made slaves of Crusoe and Xury, and, as such, sold them in the plantations. 4. As to De Foe and Crusoe, the former does seem to have had a meaning, which may have escaped our Correspondent, in making the long island captivity of the latter at "the mouth of the great river Oroonoko," to be the direct result of his slave-dealing expedition, which was a smuggling one to boot. It cannot be denied, however, that Crusoe had a slave on his Brazilian plantations; he owns it without reserve; but then, as we said before, Crusoe was not De Foe.—*Athenaeum*.

THE FRENCH HARVEST.—A deficit appears more and more clearly in the French harvest. In the east of the French empire the deficiency is considerable, and at Strasburg prices have advanced notwithstanding the arrival of German and Hungarian wheats. The deficiency is also clearly established in the south of France, and Marseilles will this year be the centre of large commercial operations in cereals which have already commenced. The west and the north of France are less favoured than had been expected. Germany, Russia, and the Danubian provinces appear to be the only parts of Europe which have reaped more wheat than is required for the consumption of their inhabitants, and it is in these districts that French wheat merchants will seek to supply their requirements. The wants of Algeria, Morocco, and Tunis in the matter of wheat are represented to be of a pressing character, and they are expected to exert an immediate influence on the general market for cereals.

MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS' BREWERY.

WHETHER ale or beer be the object of the brewer's attention, the chemistry of the manufacture is pretty nearly the same. It consists in the process of extracting a saccharine solution from grain, and in converting that solution into a fermented and spirituous beverage. This art, although a perfectly chemical one in nearly all its stages, has not until recent times been indebted to chemistry for any of the improvements which have been made in its details.

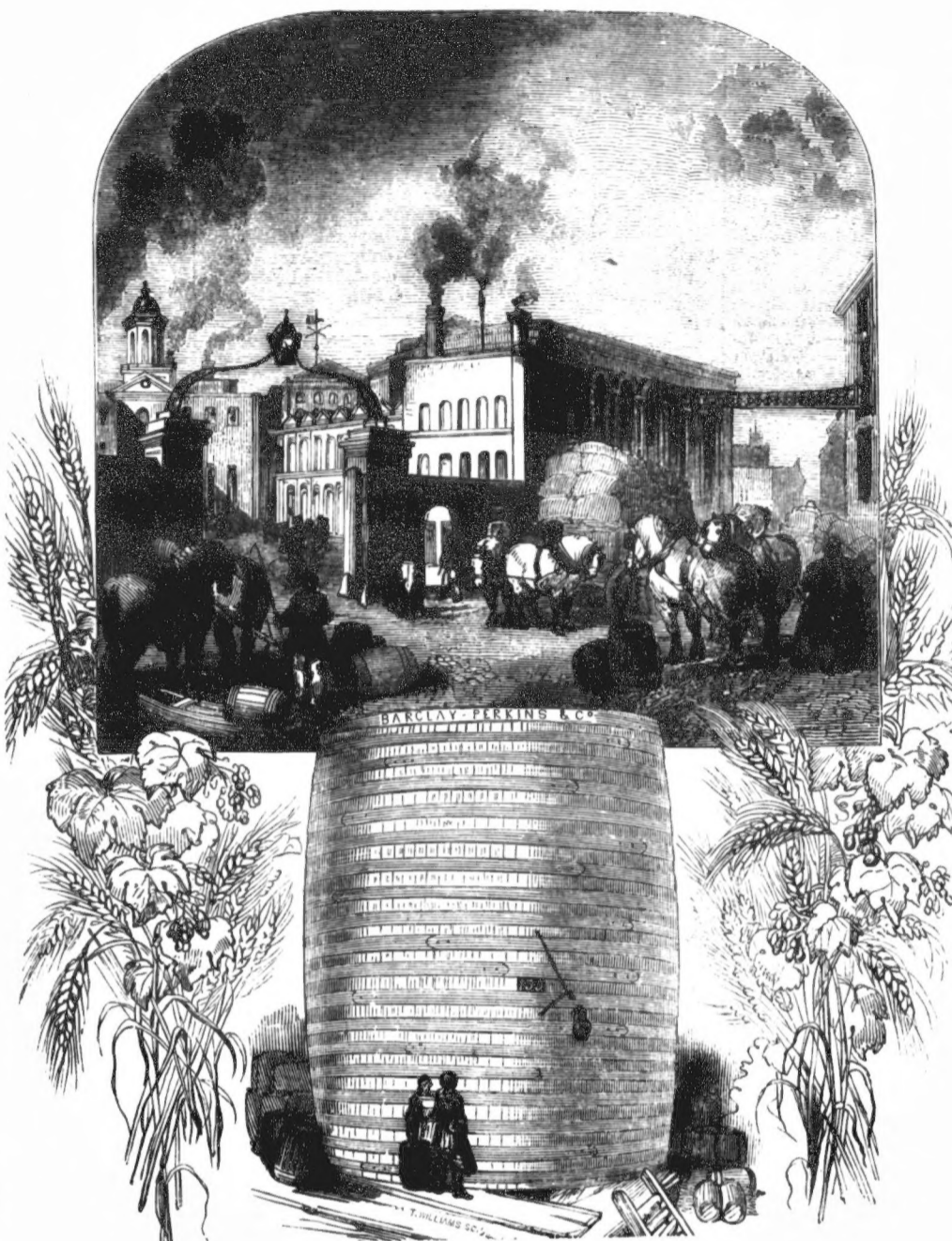
In brewing the various beers, as ale, porter, and table-ale, two kinds of malt are employed, the pale and the brown. The first is used for ales, and for the finer qualities the malt is dried very pale indeed; the brown malt is used for porters and stouts. Roasted or black malt is used as a colouring material, in place of burnt sugar.

The malt is first ground or crushed, and the grist or ground malt being prepared, the next part of the process is the mashing. The mash-tun, or vessel in which this operation is carried on, is usually of wood, varying in size according to the quantity of malt to be wetted, and having two or more taps in the bottom. From one two inches above this bottom is a false bottom pierced full of small holes, on which the grist is placed; the hot water is then admitted, and the grist is intimately mixed with the water. For this purpose machinery is used to stir it about, and cause it to assume a homogeneous consistence. The whole is then allowed to stand at rest for a certain time; and the taps being opened, the infusion, or sweet wort, is allowed to run off into a vessel called the under-back, whence it is pumped or otherwise conveyed to the copper for boiling. When the wort has run off, the taps are closed, and a fresh quantity of hot water is run on for a second mash. When the whole of the wort is pumped into the copper, the hops are thrown in, and the boiling commences. For large coppers machinery is used to prevent the hops from settling down and burning. When the boiling is complete, the whole contents of the copper are turned into the hop-back, which is a large square or oblong vessel of wood or iron, having a false bottom for large brewings, and a sieve partition at the corner for small ones.

As the boiled wort drains from the hops it is allowed to run, or is pumped into the coolers. These hops when sufficiently drained, may be again boiled with a second copper of wort or with the return wort or table-beer. The coolers are large shallow vessels, placed in as open a part of the brewery as possible, so as to command a free current of air over the whole of their surface: they may be constructed of either wood or iron. Fans and blowers are sometimes used to assist the rapidity of this part of the process. When sufficiently cool, the wort is allowed to run into the fermenting tun.

The wort is next fermented in a large vessel called a gyle, or fermenting tun. As soon as the wort begins to run from the coolers, and when a sufficient quantity is in the tun, the yeast is added. When the fermentation has arrived at a certain point of attenuation, that is, when a certain quantity of the saccharine matter of the wort has been converted into alcohol or spirit, it is cleaned from the yeast.

The last operation the beer has to undergo is the fining, or clearing, which is sometimes done by the brewer, sometimes by the publican. The fining material consists of isinglass, or other gelatinous matter, dissolved in acid beer, or sour, which, having been added to the ale or beer, agglutinates or collects together all the lighter floating matters which render the beer thick, and ultimately falls to the bottom of the vessel with them, leaving the beer clear and transparent.



MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS' BREWERY.



HOP-PICKING IN KENT.

HOP-PICKING IN KENT.

THOSE who would see Kent in all its characteristics of bustle and activity should now visit the hop-gardens of that charming county. Hundreds of groups such as are pictured in our illustration, would be met with in a day's walk; and, we may add, nothing could be more healthful than such a walk, for the fragrance of the hop may be scented from a long distance, and gives one an appetite never experienced in smoky London. No wonder, then, that all grades of London tradesmen and their hard-worked assistants should avail themselves of the London and Chatham and other railway lines running into Kent, in order to breathe a mouthful of fresh air. Some may linger at the sea-side, but for healthful walks commend us to the hop-gardens.

JESTS.

ONE fertile source of jests is misplaced sympathy — fellow feeling, bestowed on the wrong side. Thus, when Lord Sidmouth said one day, "My brains are gone to the dogs this morning," Sir H. Nicholas at once ejaculated, "Poor dogs!" A French lady, hearing how a Capuchin had been devoured by wolves, exclaimed, "Poor beasts! hunger must be a terrible thing." And Peter Pindar, on a stone being flung at George III. and narrowly missing his head, celebrated the "lucky escape for the stone." Akin to this topic of misplaced sympathy is another of misplaced choice. Two things may be inseparably joined — one evil, the other good. To shuffle their characters often has a whimsical effect. A young fellow was talking of the time to come — "a hundred years hence, when we shall all be in heaven." "My dear," said his mother, "don't talk of such horrid things." Clough writes, "Did I ever tell you of the Calvinist woman who, being asked about the Universities, said, 'Yes; they expect that everybody will be saved; but we look for better things?'" These are substantially the same as the sentences in Sir Andrew Aguecheek's challenge: "God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself." Akin to both of these topics is the confusion of *meum* and *tuum* in matters of very exclusive property. "Take a wife, Tom," said Sheridan to his son. "Very well; whose shall I take?" was the answer. "You should take a walk every morning on an empty stomach," said a doctor to Sydney Smith. "Upon whose?" asked the patient. Another species of confusion is when such a distinction is made between the constituent elements of a thing and the whole which they constitute, and the same thing is affirmed of the one and denied of the other. "He cannot see the wood for the trees," or "the town for the houses," are cases in point. Horace Walpole said he believed he should love his country very well, if it was not for his countrymen. An opposition may be made between the constituents of an act and the act itself, analogous to that between the whole and the mere assemblage of its parts. Thus it has been said of a successful wooer, "Il suit courageusement son bonheur." A story is told of a lady saying to her lover, "Eh bien, t'as-tu, je me damne pour toi," "Et moi, je me sauve," says he. — *Cl ro vicie.*

ARE THE MILLERS TO BLAME? — One remarkable feature in the useful controversy as to the price of bread is the assumption on the part of the bakers that all bread sold by them is unadulterated and full weight. Now we venture to declare that a four-pound loaf which weighs four pounds, and is wholly made of good flour, is as rare as a white thrush, and "when found ought to be made a note of." The bakers do not deny that the price of bread is too high when compared with the price of wheat.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—Covent Garden Concerts — (At Eight). Under the direction of Mr. John Russell.
 HAYMARKET.—Romeo and Juliet.—To Paris and Back for Five Pounds.—Fish Out of Water. Seven.
 PRINCESS'S.—Poor Pillioddy.—(At a Quarter-past Eight) The Streets of London. Seven.
 STRAND.—Ripples on the Lake. Eight.
 NEW ROYALTY.—Meg's Diversion.—(At Half-past Nine) The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Mrs. White. Half-past Seven.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—Horsemanship and Scenes in the Arena. Eight.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Science Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—PAYMENT REQUIRED.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street; Royal Academy; British Institution; Society of British Artists; Water Colour Societies; Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street; Thames Tunnel; Tussaud's Waxwork, Baker-street Bazaar; Zoological Gardens.

3.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, St. Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

PLAYING AT PAPISTS.

Few blue-books have ever been expected with more impatience than the first report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the rubrics, orders, and directions for regulating the course and conduct of public worship according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland. The report itself has already been made public, and its purport will be in the recollection of most people. The Commissioners found that the vestments "lately introduced into certain churches" were "by none regarded as essential, and they gave grave offence to many;" and they pronounce the opinion "that it is expedient to restrain in the public services of the Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church." And now we have the evidence upon which this conclusion is based. The evidence is interesting in the extreme, but what astonishes us most is, that clergymen with a decided leaning towards Rome, prefer to stay in a church with whose rubric they have no sympathy, instead of joining a communion which would allow them full scope to adorn their perishable bodies and confess their congregations to their hearts' content. The Ritualists are wolves in sheep's clothing. It is justly feared by many that they are doing much harm, and they openly allege that their "ceremonials" are growing in public favour. Take the account of the Rev. Mr. Le Geyt, the incumbent of St. Matthias's, Stoke Newington, where the vestments are in full use and the services are of a highly ornate character. His church, he tells us, is crowded every Sunday; he has more than a hundred persons at his daily morning and evening services; there are no malcontents; his choir is officered by "City business men;" the seats are free, the poor attend in large numbers, and the offertory amounts to more than £1,000 a year. As to the peculiar usages of his church, he declared that the vestments were purchased by the congregation, and presented to him with the request that he would use them, and they were "clamorous" for the adoption of altar lights at least a year before he consented to introduce them. Upon this head, also, it is mentioned that the vestments now in use at St. Alban's, Holborn, were purchased eighteen months before the incumbent would wear them. This is all very well. We are willing to admit that choral services are attractive to a certain class who lament the Puritan character of our Sabbaths, and would open the theatres on the Lord's day if they could. But it is gratifying to know that there is already a difference in the Ritualist camp. The Ritualist clergy vary in their modes of expressing what they believe to be the law or intention of the Church. They are at issue with each other on the practice of making the sign of the cross; on the colours of altar cloths; on the use of lighted tapers during the celebration of Holy Communion at daylight, and especially as to the practices of mixing water with the wine and elevating the consecrated elements. Some use incense in a fixed vessel, others wave it in a censer. Some use wafer bread at Holy Communion, others "pure wheaten bread." As a rule, the poor do not understand "trimming." Your labourer is usually Low Church, no church, or a Roman Catholic. He doesn't understand the half-and-half system which makes cowardly

sympathisers with Rome halt on the brink, and gaze into the choral gulf below by the aid of a ritualistic candle. Take the evidence of Mr. John Marshall, superintendent of the City Missionaries, when the Archbishop of Armagh put the following questions to him:—You said that you had never reckoned the number of poor attending St. Alban's. Did you employ an agent to reckon them?—I have. Was he a trustworthy person, one in whom you could have confidence?—Yes. What report did he give you as to the numbers?—He attended the church last Sunday week in the morning. The church was full, but he could not recognise in the congregation more than eight persons that he thought came under the description of the working classes. In the evening he did the same; he stood at one door, and a friend of his at the other door, to see all the congregation as they came out. One of them counted seven at the Baldwin's-gardens door, and the other counted three at the Brook-street door; he knows 1,000 or thereabouts by sight in the district; and neither of them knew one as living in the district, though they seemed to be of the working classes. On Friday morning last (it is a sort of thing I do not much like to do), in consequence of hearing in the other room Mr. Spiller telling a gentleman that the early service in the week-day and the evening service on Wednesday and Friday, when there is a sermon, were the times when the poor attended, I got a person to go last Friday morning to the early service, and the whole congregation, including the clergy, choristers, and officials, was twenty, of whom two were poor. Last night, being Wednesday night, this person attended. I was particularly anxious he should do so, because Mr. Spiller had said that the church was usually three-parts full on a Wednesday evening. As I said, he went there last night, and the congregation consisted of between eighty and eighty-five persons, eight of whom appeared to be working people. Then the report you received goes to the point that St. Alban's Church is not of much service to the working people; that they do not attend it?—That is my conviction. The Rev. Arthur Wagner, of St. Paul's Brighton, a very hot-bed of Tractarianism and ultra-Romish tendencies gives peculiar evidence respecting the confessional. This is what he said:—I am always at the church three days a week during certain hours, for the purpose of hearing confessions, or of giving spiritual advice, as the case may be. Have you a confessional?—No; I hear them in the vestry. . . . Are penances imposed?—Whenever a person makes a confession, of course there is always some penance enjoined. It may be saying a prayer. It usually would be saying some one or two prayers. It would be one's duty to impose some penance or other. Do you impose any penance involving corporal pain?—It is not, perhaps, a question one ought to speak about. I have never myself imposed any such penance, but I cannot say as to others. And yet the Rev. Arthur Wagner calls himself a Protestant minister! Against what does he protest? Not against the heresies of the Church of Rome, surely, but presumably against the beautiful and simple doctrine preached and professed by the vast body of the Anglican Church. It would have been well to have plied Mr. Wagner with more questions respecting the confessional. An incumbent may have curates to whom he delegates the delicate work which will not always bear the light of day. Constance Kent, if we remember rightly, was a member of the congregation of St. Paul's, Brighton, and it was chiefly owing to the confessional that the mystery of the Road murder was explained. The penance of this misguided and erring creature was one which nearly involved her death, and has left her the life-long inmate of a prison; but it is not an object of the Legislature that persons should usurp the functions of Scotland-yard. Midnight masses, gorgeous curates, and trembling penitents have a tinge of mediæval romance about them which may captivate a girl just released from school, or a wicked housemaid who thinks she ought to make herself a nun because she fancies herself in love with the footman and there is danger to the faith of these because of their folly. It is best that if the practices of the Ritualists are illegal, they should be extinguished with a high hand, and those who hanker after Rome, should either be driven back into the fold, or compelled to shine in their true colours. Rome will always have its admirers, but no one can serve two masters. Representatives of extreme High Church and Low Church tenets, and almost every intermediate school, have appeared before the Commissioners, and have expounded and defended their several systems. It is to be observed that the questions and answers relate principally to matters of ceremonial and practice, and not to matters of abstract doctrine. The Commissioners have also directed their examination principally to matters of fact; the witnesses being chiefly asked to explain what they have done and what results have been observed. The few instances in which this wise rule has been transgressed, when the deponents have been incited to embark into general disquisitions, have not produced satisfactory results. Obviously the duty of the Commissioners, so far as the evidence is concerned, was to ascertain the facts of the case; and it may be assumed that the thoroughly earnest clergymen who have appeared before the Commission would state the truth concerning matters actually within their cognisance. Is it to be wondered at that cardinals and titular archbishops of the Church of Rome should confidently talk of the day when England is once more to become a Roman Catholic country? The schism in our Church makes them bold. They are the wolves who look on while the shepherds wrangle, and wait their opportunity to seize the flock. Let the Protestant Church purge itself of the leaven which threatens to rend it asunder, and no longer follow earnest, and clever, but misguided men.

PUBLIC OPINION.

FREE TRADE IN LAND.

ACCORDING to the proper meaning of the phrase, free trade in land is already secured in this country. If a person wishes to buy any particular farm, some person exists who is able to give him a title to it. Complete dominion over the property in question can be secured. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that land does not pass from one owner to another, and that it is not freed from the limitations of a settlement to become the property of a purchaser, for no other reason than that, although purchasers may abound, the person who can sell the land is unwilling to part with it. To satisfy the demands of those who denounce what they call the undue absorption of land we must abandon free trade altogether. Our Legislature must extend its operations further, and go the length of compelling the owners of land to sell their possessions. It is to be feared that it is not the misuse of land as an instrument of production, but the spectacle of large accumulated wealth exhibited by the ownership of abundant acres, which stimulates the complaint that land is unduly absorbed. The essence of the complaint is that some men are too rich, and it might be raised with equal intensity against those fortunate persons who pay income tax on incomes of £50,000 and upwards under schedule D, if their names and wealth were as prominently brought before the public. There is no reason for supposing that the existence of great wealth in the hands of some few citizens of a country is a national evil. The person who has saved employs what he has reserved as a means of increased production, and becomes thus an agent procuring more abundant and cheaper supplies of the commodities which man needs. The abstinence of the prudent thus conduces to the benefit of the careless and imprudent also, and the retention of wealth is the preservation of capital employed for the advantage of the nation.—Times.

FRENCH ALARMS.

It is an old reproach to our countrymen that they are seldom able to look at any question except from their own domestic point of view. This defect may be traced in our treatment of Ireland, and it is still more apparent in the current opinion on foreign affairs. Our insular position partly explains this shortcoming. Comparatively isolated as we have been since the Crimean War, simple spectators of all the important events which have altered the face of Europe, we are apt to speculate with a judicial and philosophic calmness which forgets to take into account the disturbing influences to which human nature in nations, no less than in individuals, is exposed. A dozen years ago there was a large body of Englishmen who were puzzled to understand why Lombardy could not contrive, somehow or other, to endure the Austrians, who were by no means bad fellows at heart, and who would probably have been glad enough to make themselves pleasant to the Italians if the latter had not taken such pains to manifest their hatred and contempt. And last year, up to the very moment when the cannon opened fire, there were, we suspect, very few of our countrymen who did not fancy that a peace would be patched up, since nothing could be conceived more terrible to both the combatants, and more uncomfortable for everybody else, than a war between two such Powers as Austria and Prussia. Yet we have only to refer to our own familiar experience of every-day life to see the flaw in calculations of that kind. Human nature has a tendency to set duty, prudence, and common sense at naught when the passions intervene; and nations have their fits of temper just as individuals have. Hence the mistake of basing our speculations as to the probable conduct of this or that State on the assumption that it will follow just that course which seems to us to be most obviously prudent and sensible. There is, apparently, some risk of our falling into this error in forming an opinion on the present relations between France and Germany. Of course, from our English point of view, it is very desirable that Europe should settle down into peaceful repose, and that the financial panic which is playing such havoc with commerce should not be prolonged by military alarms. Prussia, therefore (say we), would do well to be content with the spoils she has already netted, and withdraw her covetous eyes from the South-western States; France, stifling her jealous irritation at Prussian aggrandizement, should devote herself to the development of her rich domestic resources; and Austria has abundant employment in consolidating her disorganised system of nationalities. This is excellent advice, but unfortunately the countries in question have their own ideas on the subject, and these ideas happen not to be ours. France being the Power from which, if there is any immediate movement, the first impulse may be expected to come, it is worth while to try to discover what aspect the question presents from the French point of view.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE AMERICAN CLAIMS.

Mr. Seward's request for arbitration as to the policy of England in recognising the Confederate States is about as reasonable as for one belligerent to demand, as a condition of negotiations for peace, that the other should refer it to arbitration whether he had been originally justified in going to war. So long, therefore, as the United States Government insists upon putting forward this demand as a preliminary to any settlement of the disputed claims, there can be no hope of bringing matters to a satisfactory issue. That certain United States citizens did suffer greatly from Confederate attacks which had their origin, more or less remotely, in British ports is unquestionable. Whether our Government took all the care they conceived themselves to have taken to prevent these attacks is a matter of fact, and as such would form a proper subject for the decision of an impartial arbitrator. That Mr. Seward should have declined this limited reference is certainly to be regretted; but, as it appears from Lord Stanley's despatch of the 24th of May, that Mr. Seward's refusal implied some misapprehension of the nature of the offer, it may still be hoped that the ultimate decision of the American Government will be more conciliatory. They have declined to "give any preference to the Alabama claims over others;" but they have since learned from Lord Stanley that "there was no intention on the part of Her Majesty's Government to give any such preference to the Alabama claims over claims in the like category." It would be impossible for any English statesman to make an ampler concession than this; and, whatever may be the final answer it receives, the fact of its having been offered will remain a standing testimony to the desire of Great Britain to live at peace with the United States.—Chron.

THE HUMBUGS OF THE TEA-ROOM.

We have nothing to object to the genuine Radicals in the tea-room who revolved against Mr. Gladstone purely because they thought they could squeeze more out of Mr. Disraeli. They knew what they were about, and distinctly preferred measures to men—differing, no doubt, with Mr. Disraeli as to what the result of the measure may be. But for the *underlings* of the tea-room who revolted from Mr. Gladstone to support Mr. Disraeli we are at right angles to feel even a vestige of respect. They deserted a man of singular sincerity and scrupulousness to support one whom nobody trusts. They took occasion from Mr. Gladstone's few ecclesiastical shortcomings to give a fresh lease of power to a party whose whole ecclesiastical policy is blindly Conservative and perverse. They talk against the narrowness of the Old Whig family policy, while they are combining to pull down from the leadership of the Liberal party the man whose only sin it is that he has not the support of the Old Whig clique. They are treating Mr. Gladstone precisely as the Tories say Whigs always treat men of genius who have not the imprimatur of Whig nobility upon them; and they give us their reason that they are too Liberal for Mr. Gladstone, though

they are not too Liberal for Lord Derby, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and the Duke of Marlborough! The truth is, that many of the tea-roomites are anxious "to make the best of both worlds"—both the Radical and Conservative world—to conciliate both the British householder and the British country gentleman—to have it thought at once that they trust the people implicitly, and that they distrust the great popular leader. If the popular leader comes out stronger than ever and is supported, they will say, "Well, you owe the new power you have gained to us," and they will go back to his standard. If he is worsted they will say, "We always told you he was a dangerous man; very decent at budgets, but quite unfit to lead; we never hesitated to prefer Mr. Disraeli, with all his faults." The Conservative element in the tea-room cabal seems to us to have played an unintelligible, if not a shabby part, and we wish Mr. Dillwyn had taken more pains to explain to his constituents at Swansea on which ground—the ultra-Radical, or the Conservative—he took so much credit for the manoeuvre out of which Colonel Taylor sucked no small advantage.—*Spectator*.

THE DOMESTIC STRUGGLE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Some of the Northern States seem disposed to introduce into their own Constitutions the principle of negro suffrage which they have unhesitatingly imposed on the South. As the members of the coloured population in the North are insignificant, the question possesses no practical importance, although it illustrates the motives of the Republican party. Many Americans hold a conscientious belief that the suffrage is at the same time a natural right and a personal safeguard. White partisans enfranchise hordes of barbarous negroes for the sole purpose of swamping the true citizens of the South; while honest enthusiasts promote the same object rather for the benefit of the negroes themselves than with a view to political calculations. The Government of Poland by the alliance of the Russian authorities with the peasantry, and the former understanding between the Austrian Government and the Slavonic subjects of the Hungarian Crown, are familiar precedents for the American experiment. The Republicans will probably attain their immediate object of bringing back the South into the Union, not as an independent associate or adversary, but as a docile or pliable mass. The reconciliation, which is at least as indispensable as formal reconstruction, has not yet been commenced or attempted. Like the European Sovereigns who established despotic power in the reaction which followed the events of 1848, the American Republicans, in the enjoyment of triumph over their opponents, forget that, whenever they wish to reorganize the old Union, they must begin by reconciling all their recent legislation. Foreign commentators on their current history sometimes undervalue the power of the North, but their forebodings of the permanence of disruption have thus far been accurately fulfilled. The South has hitherto not returned into the constitutional system of the United States. It may be hoped that the United States may not be disposed to escape from domestic difficulties by engaging in foreign quarrels.—*Saturday Review*.

M. DE MOUSTIER'S CIRCULAR.

We have a confident hope that the Emperor not only meditates no war, but is even anxious to recede from his untenable position of an armed peace, but would have more faith in him if he showed greater confidence in himself. He is apt to allow the outcry of his opponents to get the better of his own judgment. The danger arising from the formation of a strong league on the Gallic bank of the Rhine constitutes a good party cry against the Imperial Government, and we see with regret that it seems its good policy to meet that cry with apparent assent, rather than with open defiance. A peaceful policy would be sure of the support of an immense majority, if it were looked upon as an honest, consistent, and settled policy. The first condition of true peace is disarmament, and a decree for the dismissal of soldiers is worth any amount of speeches and votes.—*Times*.

BUSHRANGING IN NEW SOUTH WALES.—Some statistics which have lately been published of bushranging in New South Wales during the last few years show to what an extent this "institution" has grown in that colony. Since the month of June, 1864, a period of three years, eleven members of the police have been shot dead by bushrangers and sixteen wounded by firearms in attempting to capture them. Fifteen other persons have also been shot at and wounded by bushrangers in the last four years. It appears, however, that sooner or later all the gangs come to grief, for of the most notorious marauders during the past five years three had been executed, two were at the time under a sentence of death, seven had been shot dead, one is supposed to have been murdered by felons, and eight were undergoing long terms of imprisonment. A return of offences committed by Thomas Clarke (executed 31st May, 1866) shows that he has forty-five offences, such as housebreaking, robbery under arms, shooting, and murder, recorded against him. The number registered against his brother, John Clarke, is twenty-eight. The worst feature, however, is the secret aid evidently afforded to the robbers by the lower orders of the up-country population, low grog-shop keepers, coppers, pedlars, and some others of a grade who ought to be above suspicion.—*Australian and New Zealand Gazette*.

DIGGING POTATOES BY MACHINERY.—The trial of potato-diggers selected at the recent Glasgow show to compete for the Highland and Agricultural Society prize of £20 took place on the farm of Bearyards, near Bishopbriggs. There were in all eight implements on the ground, but three of these were disqualified, on account of their having been altered since their appearance at the show. In the course of the trial the attention of the judges was concentrated on the Hanson implement, which was tested under varied conditions. One point specially looked into was the draught weight of the machine, which was found to be on the average about 5 cwt.

VERY UNUSUAL, INDEED!—"Viscount Folkestone" writes to a sporting contemporary to say that one of his labourers killed an adder in a wood near Longford Castle, and that he found, on opening it, a full-grown weasel in its belly; and "D. F. Chernside," writing from Black Maloy, Ayrshire, writes to the same paper to say that he caught a pike weighing 8½ lb. in Loch Winnoch, Renfrewshire, and found on opening it, a penny of 1861 in its belly. The lord and the commoner both apply to the editor to know whether such treasure trove is not very unusual, and the editor gravely replies, "Very unusual indeed!"

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balm of Honey," which, as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farrington-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Cripps, Old-spade.—[ADVT.]

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eight-pence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

A FRENCH MARRIAGE.

THE French theory of matrimony has of late been rather gaining ground in England. The marriage of affection on which we were formerly disposed to pride ourselves is so often confounded with the marriage of caprice, that a natural reaction has set in in favour of the marriage of convenience. Love matches, it is said, have a trick of turning out ill, and, whether this be true or not, there can be no doubt that a great many of the unions so described are by no means conspicuously happy. Probably, however, a more accurate knowledge of the circumstances would show that a large proportion of the marriages thus hastily grouped together under a common name have very little in common with the genuine article. In the days of Gretna Green the simple fact of an elopement was considered fully sufficient to make the marriage one of affection; and even now the same complimentary euphemism is constantly employed were thoughtlessness or self-will would be far more appropriate terms. It is always assumed, by a sort of charitable hypothesis, that a girl marries for love when it is impossible to assign any other good reason for her doing so; and consequently the practice has to bear the blame that ought by rights to be reserved for cases where the determining cause is either love of excitement, or desire of change, or a simple wish to go counter to her father and mother. Of course, if every girl who, influenced by these or the like motives, insists on marrying a man without either knowledge of his character or experience of his temper, is set down as having married for love, there will always be plenty of unfavourable instances upon which an adverse critic may rely for proof of his position. In this way love in a cottage comes in for all the discredit which justly attaches to a cottage without love. It is not every dinner of herbs that is better than a stalled ox; and young ladies who try the experiment of dispensing with the more substantial food had better make sure that they have secured the accompaniment which will alone make the herbs palatable. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the *mariage de convenance* should have gone up in public estimation when its rival is thus unfairly weighted in the race. Mr. Trollope, in one of his recent novels, expresses his wonder at the worldly prudence which English young ladies usually display in the conduct of their matrimonial projects, and certainly the average daughter seems as little inclined as her parents to run any pecuniary risk in that direction. It is no function of ours, however, to depreciate the virtue of prudence, and if we take occasion to illustrate its application by a recent French example, we disclaim beforehand all idea of pointing an adverse moral in doing so.

Count Sigismund Festetics de Tolna is an Hungarian nobleman of large fortune, and Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria. This exalted office does not seem to carry with it any particular duties, as from 1847 he has been a constant traveller, except when he has been resident in France. At Paris, in the early summer of 1864, he saw and loved Mademoiselle Laura de Vilna. He first met her at an evening party, and as soon as he became conscious of the dawning passion, he applied himself, after the most approved precedents of his adopted country, to the young lady's mother. He laid before her, in the first instance, a candid and ample statement of the characteristics he required in a wife, and of the advantages which he had to offer as a husband. He seeks a partner who shall be young, virtuous, and of noble birth, though it appears from another part of the correspondence that on this last head he was not disposed to be exacting. He stipulates that she shall be in good health, and that she shall not object to smoking. He requests to be informed what are Madlle de Vilna's ordinary occupations, and adds the somewhat vague question, "Is she too religious?" Further, he inquires how many relatives she has, and whether "she likes pleasure tours." Then, anxious apparently to disabuse his correspondent of the idea that a large fortune excuses its possessor from the practice of frugality, he goes on, "Does she understand housekeeping, and is she economical and regardless of frivolous luxury?" Altogether, indeed, he is most laudably anxious that none of his expressions should be misunderstood. Although he wishes only for a moderate amount of religion in his wife, he cannot dispense with gentleness and good humour; and he guards himself against the supposition that in asking about her relatives, he means that he intends to admit them to his intimacy, by the remark that, though he has a great many of his own, he "only visits them in turn every five or six years." But if the Count de Tolna asked much, he had much to offer in return. Enclosed in the same letter, but written, diplomatically, on a separate sheet of paper, appeared an enumeration of his own good qualities. He has improved his mind, he tells Madlle de Vilna, by "travelling for pleasure and instruction in various parts of the world." He is "a good Christian," and gives away a great deal in charity. In connection, however, with this meritorious practice it seems to have struck him that his wife may wish to increase or limit his bounty, and he consequently adds, "but I never suffer anyone to dictate to me what I am to give." His youth—he was then forty-two—was passed in a cavalry regiment, and he modestly "fancies" that his tastes are still those of an officer and a gentleman. Possibly a reminiscence of the tastes of some of his companions in arms induced him to explain that he does not drink or play, that he never was in debt. And yet all these combined virtues have not raised him too high above the common level. He is still human, and fond of concerts, theatres and races—indeed he "likes public amusements better than drawing-room life." Still, even pleasure is to be pursued economically. He "cares little for high society or sumptuous living," and though his position as a chamberlain makes it necessary for him to pay visits to great personages, he says nothing about entertaining them in return. Even when bent on his favourite "pleasure tours," he still has a frugal mind, and "takes no servant." He is much occupied in literary pursuits, and is the director and proprietor of a journal from which, as he is "altogether devoted to the French Emperor," politics are strictly and most appropriately excluded. Finally, he plays the piano and the organ, and smokes a great deal.

To this letter Madlle de Vilna replied by asking for further information respecting the Count's fortune, though she assumes that on this point his reply will be satisfactory, as she believes he "is too much of a gentleman uselessly to trouble the virgin heart of a young girl." It appears that M. de Tolna has sent a number of his paper with his letter, and Madlle de Vilna gives proof that she has read it critically by asking leave to "say that she thinks she philosophy of proverbs remarkably well handled." We may suppose that her inquiries as to money matters were answered as she wished, for a few days later Madlle. Laure makes her first appearance on the scene by writing to her lover. "I have long desired to write to you," she begins, "and now"—having ascertained that her child's virgin heart will not be uselessly troubled—"Mamma allows it." Nothing can be more exact than the correspondence between the characters of the two lovers. The lady's views of life "are altogether conformable" to the gentleman's. "You like travel," she cries: "so do I." "You smoke—we will smoke as much as ever you like." The Emperor of the French "possesses her entire admiration." Drawing and music have always been her "greatest resource," and she desires nothing better than to have opportunities of going on with them. Literature—observe the graceful allusion to the non-political journal—"will have great charms for her when she is able to follow it more seriously"—by correcting, perhaps her husband's proofs. What she still wants in educational completeness she is eager to supply. She will be glad to learn riding and swimming; thinking, we suppose, that with the Count's economical views of travel, it is hard to say to what mode of locomotion she may not be reduced. And she has no doubt that his valuable advice will soon perfect her in housekeeping. "You are good," she adds, "and therefore indulgent." Such an eager desire for self-improvement would of

itself be a sufficient proof of modesty and submission, but the young lady is not satisfied without a more pronounced deprecation of herself. "I have alas!" she tells the Count, "no marriage portion to bring you but the sweet hope of rendering you happy." At this point, however, Madlle de Vilna seems to have thought that her daughter was making herself a little too cheap, for the sentence is completed in a different handwriting by the words "and my youth and beauty." Then the letter winds up with an invitation to dinner—"Mamma expects you, and I wish you particularly to come."

What could be more praiseworthy than the whole course of this negotiation? From first to last it was conducted on those strict business principles the neglect of which is alleged to be the cause of so much unhappiness in English marriages. The greatest frankness characterises the lovers' addresses; the most admirable anxiety "not to trouble the virgin heart of a young girl" at too low a figure marks the mother's reply. It is discouraging that the sequel of the story should answer so imperfectly to its beginning. These admirable letters have just become public property, as part of the evidence in a suit for divorce. The marriage took place three weeks after the despatch of the young lady's letter, and the honeymoon and a great part of the following winter were spent in those "pleasure tours" in which Count de Tolna had found so much of his bachelor happiness. During this time the husband carried on a brisk correspondence with his mother-in-law, the gist of which was that he felt completely disappointed in his wife. The French papers—more reserved in this respect than our own moral journals—decline to insert these letters, on account of the freedom with which they discuss the most intimate details of married life. But we can just gather that the Count's yearnings for affection were lamentably checked by the coldness with which they were received. Madlle de Tolna took to painting her face—not, it seems with a view of enhancing her beauty, but to prevent the Count from kissing her; and she carried that very moderation in religion which he had stipulated for to an extreme, since the moment she went to bed she fell asleep directly, "without thinking of God or her husband." The Count's emotions, thus thrown back upon himself, seem to have found a vent in the thwarting of his wife's wishes, diversified by gross insults in the presence of his servants, and even by an occasional beating, until at length the victim has applied for a legal separation. The Court has deferred giving judgment until it is in possession of further evidence; and as Count de Tolna also threatens to institute a similar suit on his own account, the Parisian world may yet hope to be furnished with more complete information respecting the history of this interesting couple.—*Saturday Review*.

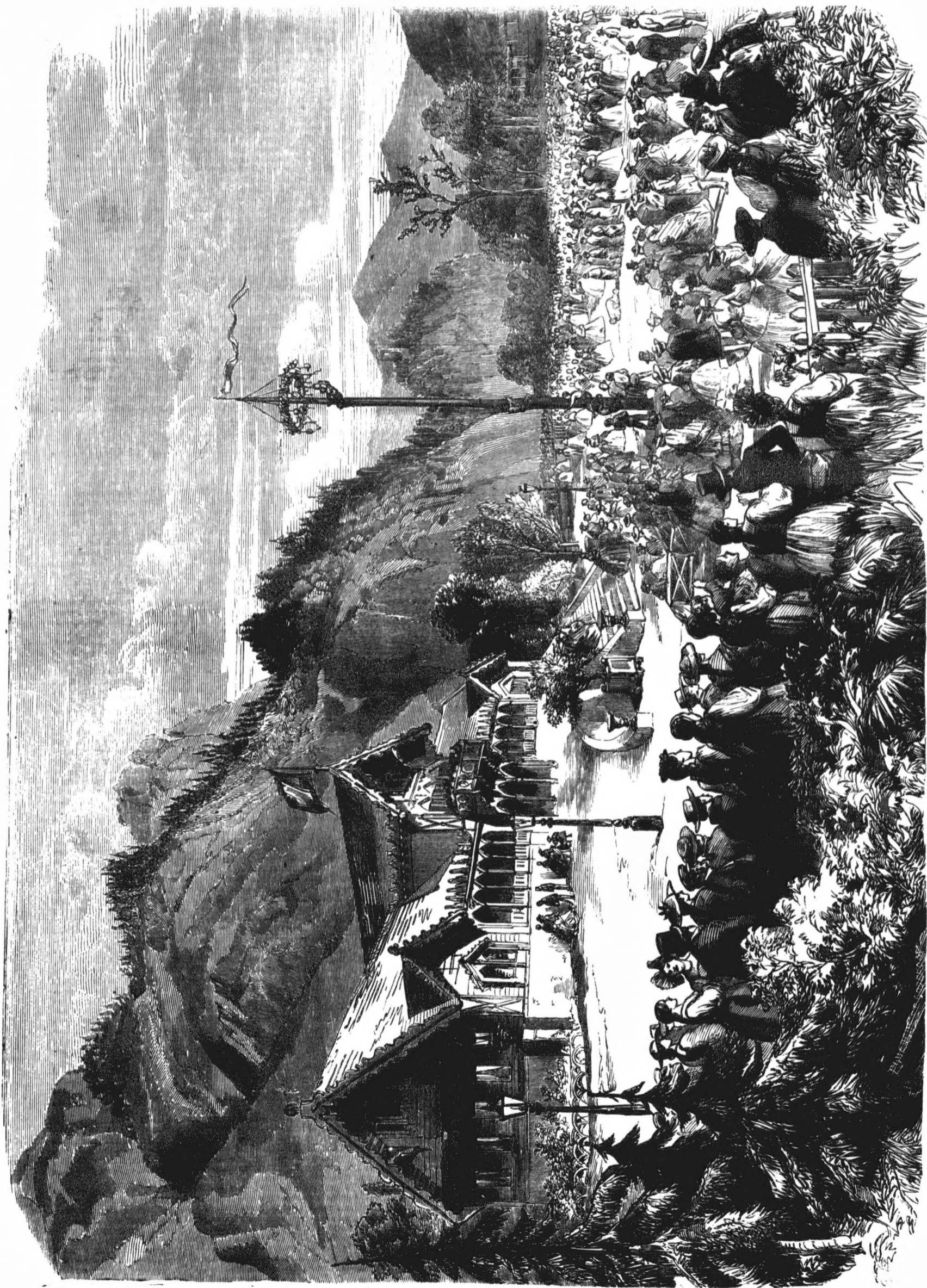
FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE forest is infinitely varied, and the mind bears away a charming series of distinct and vivid impressions. A wood, with tall, majestic trees, standing like calm, happy heroes; at their feet is spread a mossy carpet and tufts of forest ferns, bright holly bushes, and sweetbriars, not forming a tangled underwood, but coquettishly growing; here and there making arbours and elegant bouquets under the green cupolas; here and there an old trunk is covered with ivy, and a honeysuckle enfolds a group of bushes. Soon the wood becomes close and dark; the rugged oak and the white beech trunks crowd nearer together, and their intermingled branches form an impenetrable ceiling. An instant more, and you step into a flood of sunshine; involuntarily you look back to the gentle garden you have just left, and it has disappeared; a wall of trees stands behind, and you are on a wild open plain. A short, crisp lichen, that crackles like snow beneath the feet, throws a grey covering all over it; hard, short juniper bushes defy the burning sun; and opposite rises a gigantic mass of rocks heaped pell-mell, as if giants had been fighting and had hurled them there—an enormous rock crushing a mass of little ones, and others of fantastic shapes menacing to fall for centuries. Mosses and lichens have clothed the shaded rocks; others rear their grey heads from amidst an ocean of purple heather; juniper bushes, green and strong, thrust themselves from the interstices; birches and aspens droop their pale foliage; and on a hill side a phalanx of pines press their black battalions against the luminous sky.

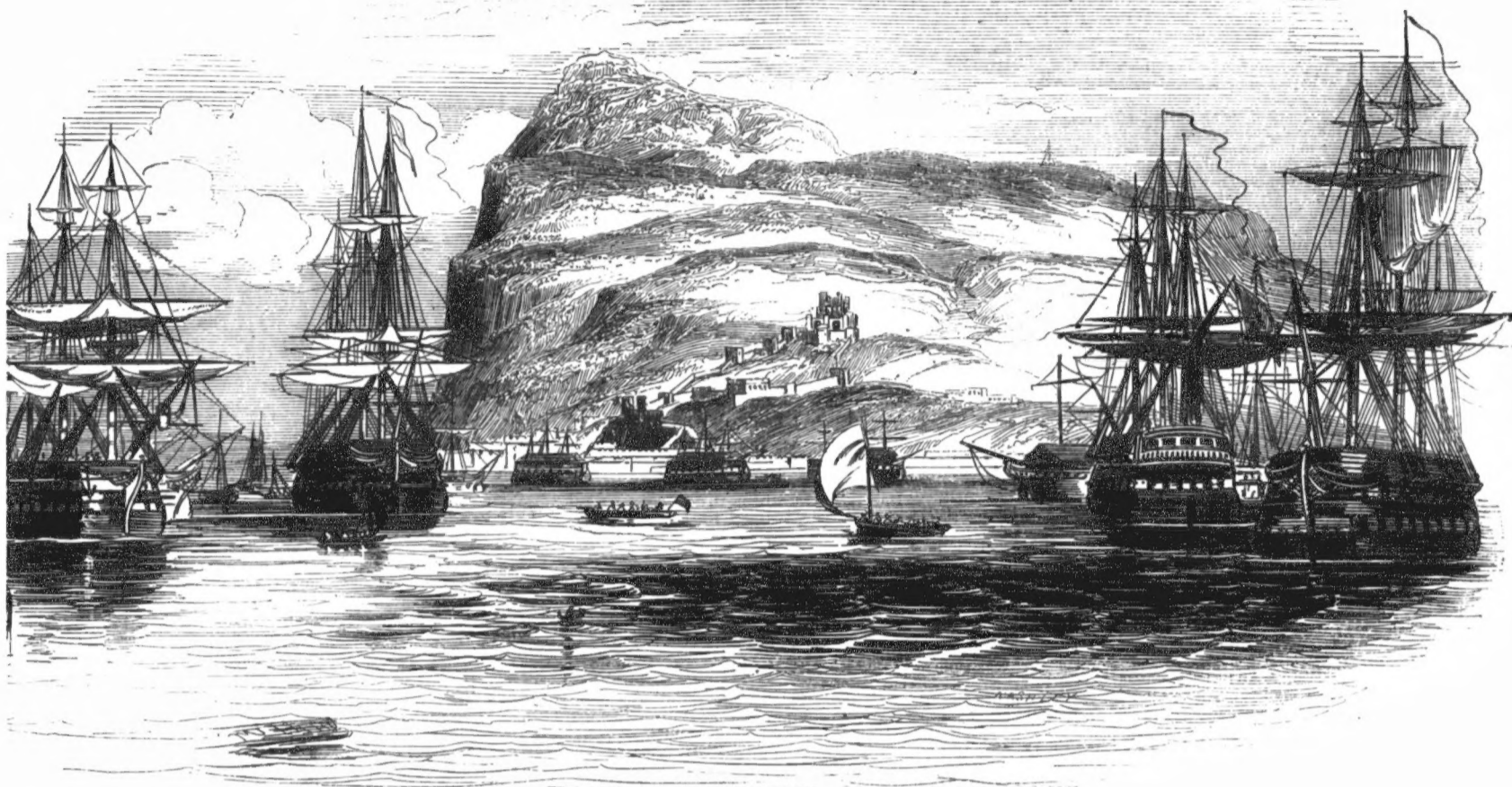
The valiant climb to the top of the rocks, resting on their way in the little natural caves where the shadows lie black and cool. On the summit a breeze plays gaily, below stretches a sea of foliage, and beneath its green waves lie heaps of mossy rocks, and a road shows at intervals its white ribbon. The town of Fontainebleau lies in the centre of the forest, before the grand old chateau, which stood alone there in the days when Diane de Poitiers hunted and laughed through its woods. Its name comes from the *fontaine*, or source of delicious water, which springs up in the flower garden. It is said that in the time of the Crusades a young and handsome hunter appeared one morning in the plain, and rode into the wild, sombre forest, where no hunters had ever dared to go, for terrible animals fought and roared in it. The man was in pursuit of a fawn, who continually evaded his pursuit amongst the wilderness of inaccessible rocks. At last the deer disappeared entirely, and the young hunter discovered that he had not only lost his prey, but himself also, amongst the burning rocks. The sun seemed to send down fire upon the earth, the breezes were all asleep, and all living things were parched and drooping. Worn with exhaustion and tortured with thirst, hunter and horse sank to the ground, incapable of seeking further a release to his agony; but Bléau, his beloved hound, seeing the sufferings of his dying master, makes a last effort, and soon rushes back joyously barking. The hunter drags himself after faithful Bléau, and the dog, reaching a certain spot, scratches the ground for a few instants, and a spring of brilliant water bursts from the earth. Mad with delight, the hunter drinks and is saved. Every seven days during a whole year the hunter visited with his dog the spring, which he named, out of gratitude, Fontaine Bléau; but at the end of that time a young and beautiful girl accompanied our hero, and the dog was not there. Bléau had understood that divided affection was not worth much, and so had died three days before, on his master's wedding day. Since then the place has been called Fontaine Belle Eau, and other stories told of its origin; but mine is the right one, for has it not been restored to its true name, Fontainebleau?

While wandering through the beautiful chateau, a good-natured garden, sympathising with the longing of a little five-year-old English girl who was one of our party, led us, with many signs of mystery and silence, into the sacred precincts of the Prince Imperial's apartment. It was a suite of simply decorated rooms, carpeted with red, and all hung alike with blue ebréiz. Beautiful engravings of some of the great pictures of the world were on the walls; but the greatest luxury was the view from the windows of the beautiful gardens sloping down to the clear lake; the Prince's boats and the Emperor's gondola rock on the rippling water, and from the midst rises the little pavilion where Napoleon first wrote and thought.

On the outskirts of the forest lie two or three villages, colonies of artists, whose life is a Bohemian mixture of indolence, work, and noisy gaiety. Some live in peasants' houses, which remain primitive and tumble-down on the exterior, and whose interiors are decked by the artists themselves. Outside, a barn in appearance; inside, carved chairs, hanging lamps, pictures, and rare engravings, carpets, guns and pipes, a hammock slung across a corner. Another has filled his place with Chinese curiosities, and the third is Oriental in his tastes. The inn is an old house round two sides of a court, where, amidst hens and geese, the table is laid in summer; at desert choruses are sung, and while the *café noir* goes round the philosophy of art is discussed.



FETE AT INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND.



VIEW OF GIBRALTAR.

The Poisoner's Daughter:

A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED).—THE STATUE OF WAX.

THIS mishap served to still further enrage the furious soldier who was noted for his hot and desperate temper, and ejaculating a savage oath he drew his dagger, and was about to spring towards the figure when the hand of the latter, grasping a drawn sword, raised the point suddenly, apparently about to pierce his throat.

Blood was, as we have said, very superstitious, and his dagger fell from his hand, while his close-cropped hair stood on end.

The figure took one step forward, and Blood, staring aghast, fell back, totally unable to resist the horror and terror which paralyzed his courage.

The figure continued to advance with long, stately, and threatening strides, the long, keen-pointed sword, aiming straight at the face of the trooper.

The latter, glaring upon that pale, Royal face, in which every feature seemed locked in the marble-like repose of death, the glassy eyes staring at vacancy, yet ever turned towards him, contrived to retreat in speechless consternation. He would have shouted, but his mouth had suddenly become parched, his lips rigid, and his tongue lifeless.

He never for an instant doubted that the ghost of King Charles I. was assaulting him. He would have fled, but his terror only permitted him to step backward, step for step, as the figure advanced. Proceeding in this style, trooper and figure had reached the vicinity of the bed, when Mag Floss glided behind Blood, grasping with both hands a large club, the end of which was thickly studded with brazen knobs. This club she swung aloft, and, unseen by Blood, let fall a stunning blow upon his head, casting him headlong at the feet of the figure. Nothing but his good steel cap saved his skull from being shattered, and he lay still and insensible.

"Well done, Mag Floss," said the figure, taking off the waxen mask, and thus revealing the features of King Charles II., or as he was then called in England by the Cromwell party, "the outlawed Charles Stuart." "A timely blow, for in another step he had touched the bed, which touch might have broken the spell of terror."

"Put on the mask, your grace! Put it on instantly, and make your escape from this part of the house!" exclaimed Mag Floss.

"Faith! from the whole house were better," replied Charles, quickly, yet calmly replacing the mask upon his face. "When old Noll roared at me just now, deeming me the image of the King he murdered, I vowed a life of a monk if I escaped his claws—"

"Raah Prince," whispered Mag Floss, "you are in instant danger. Come with me," and grasping his sleeve, she hurried from the room, the King keeping pace with her, and she carefully locking the door after them.

Blood regained his bewildered wits as they disappeared, and scrambling to a sitting posture, began to stare about him.

"I have seen the devil, or the ghost of Charles I.," said he, springing to his feet. "That blow came from above, while the figure stood before me. A flash of lightning darted from the end of his sword and laid me out. Deviltry and sorcery! Let me get out of this," and without further consideration of the matter, he rushed to the door.

It resisted his efforts to open it. He glanced at the fastening and discovered that he was locked in, a discovery which made his cropped hair stand on end again. Blood was a man of unequalled physical daring, and is no fictitious character, as every reader of English history is well aware. Whether serving in the Royalist or Parliamentary army, and he changed sides as readily as a chameleon changes colours, he was noted for his reckless bravery,

immense thought, wonderful audacity, great shrewdness in plot, and astonishing success in all he undertook. At the time when we introduce him, he was a young man, in the flush of his extraordinary bodily strength, but not the cool, experienced Colonel Blood of 1679 and 1683, who attempted to carry off or assassinate the Duke of Ormond in the streets of London, and actually robbed the Tower of London of the Crown jewels. In form he was almost gigantic; in feature, handsome, commanding, but sinister; in mind, avaricious, extravagant, and audacious. He was in fact a fierce, daring, superstitious trooper, ever ready to sell his muscle and brains for gold, no matter who might be the purchaser.

Finding the door of the apartment locked, when he knew nothing of its being locked, already appalled by his belief that he had, as he said, "seen the devil, or the ghost of King Charles," his brain in a tumult from the shock of a severe blow, of the origin of which he knew nothing, but believed to be supernatural, he felt his blood, as it were, turning to ice, and he uttered a cry of mental terror as he sprang toward the window lately occupied by Cromwell.

Escape from that haunted, devil-bewitched apartment he must, even if he should be compelled to leap from the window.

As his widespread hands grasped the sill they struck the fastenings and knots which upheld the rope ladder, first seen by Cromwell.

The sounds of the furious affray below had ceased, when Blood glanced downwards. A few torches, lying here and there, as they had dropped from the hands of fallen men, and the motionless bodies of some with the groans of other prostrate forms, the blazing of the scattered torches and flambeaux revealing the arena of battle, alone reminded him of the presence of man. He could hear shouts in the rear court-yard, men calling one to another, the crash of axes smiting wood with hasty blows—all comparatively in the distance; but the silence of the tomb held all in the narrow alley, unbroken save by the groans of wounded men.

With no fear of strength of the frail and awaying ladder, but with a glance of terror around the gloomy, shadowy apartment, Blood grasped the ropes and began to descend.

But it is due to the beautiful Lenora that we should follow her in her attempt to open a way of escape for the hard-pressed cavaliers.

CHAPTER V.

LENORA AND THE EARL.

WE have related that Lenora flew from that apartment as soon as she had received the key of the alley-gate. As she was perfectly familiar with all of the halls, corridors, galleries and exits of the Red House, she needed no lamp to light her way, but sprang on in total darkness, keeping one hand gliding along the walls as she ran, and the other extended before her to guard against violent contact against closed or half-opened doors.

She soon descended to the ground floor, and running on reached the rear court-yard. When there she was obliged to proceed more cautiously, for the yard was filled with empty barrels, boxes, and old lumber. There was a clear way through this great collection of rubbish, running close along the outer wall of the house, and as the night was as dark as it was stormy, her hands were her only guides toward the alley-gate.

Lenora was brave and resolute; besides, all the timidity natural to her sex gave way before her anxiety to rescue her lover from the dangerous strait in which his loyalty to his King and his love for her had placed him. She cared nothing for the wrath of Cromwell should her agency in the matter be detected; and for the anger of her father she felt no scruples. The reader must not, however, imagine that Lenora was devoid of amiability and gentleness of character, because she had so little regard for the feeling of Reginald Brame; since for several months a dark suspicion had fastened upon her mind, but recently that suspicion had become almost a certainty, and this suspicion was that Reginald Brame was not her father. Of the causes which led to this conclusion we will speak hereafter.

She had heard Cromwell's command to his guards, and as she

groped along the damp and mouldy walls, she thought she could hear the rapid and booted feet hurrying through the house to dash down the gate before she could reach it. There was but one way, she knew, one narrow path through those immense piles of rubbish, and suddenly conceiving a means to retard the dreaded attack, she tugged at a heavy beam which her touch encountered, hoping to overturn a mass of barrels, kegs, &c., her memory told her was heaped just there.

It was a rash deed, for she ran a fearful risk of being overwhelmed by the avalanche of lumber, or of having her passage to the gate cut off by the falling timbers. Fortune favoured her, and the huge heap, upheaved from its balance by the beam which she used as a lever, fell with a loud clattering crash, blocking up the narrow pass over which she had just passed.

It was at that instant that Cromwell and the party guided by the vindictive alchemist, reached the very door from which the daring girl had leaped into the perils of the yard. The shock of the falling rubbish reached other tottering pyramids of empty barrels, and for a moment the whole court-yard was in an uproar, many of the kegs and fragments tumbling at the feet of Cromwell and his party.

The glare of the lamp borne by the alchemist, and of the flambeaux in the hands of the soldiers, shining from the door upon the vast piles of lumber, all reeling, rocking, falling, as if shaken by the powers of an earthquake, revealed such a scene of peril and ruin that the whole party recoiled in dismay within the door.

"Ah!" thought Reginald Brame, "Lenora was too fast for me, and has sprung the balancing-beam—cunning witch, and yet she may be crushed herself."

The reader will perceive by the above that Reginald Brame had prepared a trap for intruders upon his premises.

"But," continued he, mentally, "she has also made the destruction of the cavaliers a certainty, for the fall of the rubbish will block up the alley."

"Reginald," said Cromwell, sternly, as soon as the roar of the falling lumber had subsided, "must we scale these piles to reach the rear of the Royalists?"

"There was a path—"

"Was? And who set this mass in motion? Was it design or accident? But we will inquire into that hereafter. Up, soldiers, over the heap!" cried Cromwell; and he was about to set the example, when Reginald Brame laid his long, thin hand upon his sleeve, whispering:—

"Stay, my lord. Command three of your guards to follow us, or all, if you wish. These cavaliers may escape from the swords of those in the alley, but to escape from the premises they must reach the river wall, and thence take flight upon the Thames. Come, we may reach the river in time to capture them."

The reader must not be surprised by the extent of the Red House and its premises. It was originally one of those immense inns common in London ere the Great Fire in the reign of Charles the Second, swept them from existence. In one of these "inns," as they were then called, the Earl of Warwick, during the Yorkist and Lancaster wars, entertained no less than six hundred guests. The Red House had been built by some great noble, and following generations had added to its height and dimensions from time to time, until it fell into the possession of the alchemist, who used it for his own dark purposes.

"Lead on," said Cromwell, who, perhaps, would not have displayed so much eagerness in the search and pursuit had he not been fully convinced by his spies that the exiled and outlawed king was near. "Lead on, and a hundred pounds in English gold to him who first lays low a Royalist!"

Guided by the alchemist, whose heart was ill at ease concerning his daughter, the party left the court-yard door, and entered the side hall, which seemed to extend into nothing save utter darkness.

"My lord," whispered one of the soldiers, as he pointed at the alchemist, "are you sure of that man's loyalty?"

"Sure of his life, at least," replied the bold Protector, in the same tone, and striding on, sword and pistol in hand, "Yet he is a bold and cunning knave, John Blair, and if thou seest any sign

of treachery, lay him low, though the deed were the last act of thy life."

"I do not like him," muttered the trooper, in his gray moustache, "for he resembles strangely a man I once encountered, whose enmity was death or disaster. If he be not that man, then he is his twin-brother, if ever he had one. If he is not what time and crime have left of Wild Redburn, then I am blind."

At this moment Reginald threw one of his keen glances, ever so rapid and penetrating, back upon those who followed him. His eyes met the speculative stare, half assured, half doubtful, of John Blair.

"Now I am sure it is Wild Redburn," thought the old trooper, "and if he has recognised me, then my life will not be worth a farthing so long as I am in this accursed house."

"That man has seen me when I was not Reginald Brame," thought the alchemist, as he turned his face and moved on. "Who is he? I will think as we go."

Meanwhile Lenora had crouched for an instant after dislodging the beam, appalled by the roar of the wreck she had set in motion, the utter darkness adding to the terror of her mind; but it was only for an instant, an involuntary tribute of the body to the soul, for recovering her resolution to save Lord Albert, she hastened on, until the gleam of the torches in the alley gladdened her eyes.

In a moment she reached the narrow yet lofty iron grating which formed the gate, her nimble fingers inserted and turned the key, she exclaimed "Albert!" and swung open the barrier.

Both cavaliers turned instantly, and sprang through the gateway, hotly pursued by the Cromwellians, but not so closely as to prevent the ready-witted Lenora from swinging back the gate and looking it, regardless of the keen swords thrust at her hands through the grating.

"Cromwell himself is in search," said Lenora, grasping the sleeve of her lover, and thus guiding him along the base of the wall toward the river gate.

"Aye," replied the earl, as he moved on, his cavalier companion grasping his mantle, "I thought I recognised the roar of Old Noll. But the King? Where hides or flies his Majesty? Not a step further, lady, until I hear."

"My father looks to his welfare, Lord Albert. You cannot aid or avenge him by delaying here," replied Lenora, impatiently.

"I have no trust in the prudence of his Majesty," said the earl, removing reluctantly on. "He boasted of some trick he had to escape."

"If any man can aid his escape, Reginald Brame can," interrupted Lenora. "But be speechless, for who can say that the usurper has not guarded every egress of escape, even the river gate, which we are now approaching. But you are wet; your sleeve is dripping."

"It rains, you know," replied the earl.

"But this moisture is not rain water, Albert," said Lenora, whose delicate fingers grasping his sleeve, had detected the slippery, oily presence of blood. "Ah! you're wounded, Albert!"

"A lunge or so through my left arm—nothing more," began the earl, but a deep groan and a stagger forward of his cavalier companion cut short his remarks.

"Sir James!" he exclaimed, in a guarded and anxious tone, as he threw his arm around the form of the cavalier. "So bad as this? Where are you hurt, dear friend?"

"Sharp through the lungs, I fear," replied Sir James Howard, a young nobleman whose loyalty to the Stuarts had made him an outlaw by the laws of Cromwell. "Leave me here, Lord Albert, and push on. It is waste of time to try to save a dying man."

"Leave you, dear friend? I will not, nor can I think Heaven intended that so noble a heart should die by the swords of Cromwell's assassins. Where entered the thrust?"

Sir James guided the hand of his friend to the wound in his chest, and Lord Albert, whose skill in surgery entitled him to a diploma, examined by the aid of his torch, forcing his hand under the vest of the wounded man.

"Cheer up," said Lord Albert. "The knave meant death to you," said he encouragingly; "but his point encountered a rib and snapped therein, for I feel the fragment."

"Is it so?" said Sir James, rallying instantly. "I thought the steel went clear through. Ah, I was a fool to leave off my cuirass."

"We are at the gate," whispered Lenora. "Unless disturbed there is a two-oared boat lying ready."

"But the King?" persisted the earl.

"Will be saved if cunning and daring can save him," replied Lenora. "It will be all the better if the search for him be directed from this house. If you and Sir James escape in the boat it will be believed that one of you is the king. Haste, for I do not trust Reginald Brame, who perhaps more than suspects that Albert of Branchland is in his power."

"True," said the earl; your argument prevails."

Lenora at once opened the gate.

The deep darkness hid everything, but Lenora knew that the rope which held the small craft well up to the stone steps leading to the river's edge, was made fast to an iron staple driven into the stone wall near the gate. This rope she loosed, and descended the steps, followed by the earl and the knight.

"Be careful," she urged, as her companions reached the bottom step. "Haste! Haste!" she exclaimed, as the gleam of torches appeared not thirty yards above them flashing suddenly, as if their bearers had just issued from some recess in the bank of the Thames.

The cavaliers hurried into the boat, and Lenora followed saying:

"The oars are across the seats! Pull! I am at the helm."

"It is well you are, my heroine," thought the earl, as he felt his way to the row-locks and inserted his oar, "for I might as well be blind for all that I can see. Are you ready, Sir James?"

"Ready" was the reply.

"Then give way in God's name!" exclaimed Lenora. "For here come your pursuers."

The cavaliers bent to their oars, and the boat sprang out into the stream just as the soldiers, running along the narrow causeway above the gate, reached the stone stairs.

"Halt or we fire," cried the foremost of the pursuers, as the boat and its occupants were now within the circle of the light made by the torches.

"Fire, knaves! Fire!" thundered the loud voice of Cromwell in the rear of his retainers, as he discharged his pistol. "Fire!"

Such of his followers as had firearms at once obeyed, but apparently without effect, for the exertions of the titled oarsmen did not for an instant cease, and the boat was soon so far from the shore as to be invisible to the disappointed soldiers.

"Are we all safe from those bullets?" asked the Earl, lying upon his oar and panting for breath, when sure they were beyond reach.

"I am, Lord Albert," replied Sir James. "How is it with you, my lord?"

"A graze on my hand. But how is it with Mistress Lenora?" He spoke in a gay tone, for no sound of pain had been uttered by the beautiful girl, and he was amazed as well as terribly shocked by the reply, in faint accents:—

"Not well, I fear, and in a fair way to keep my resolve—never to enter the Red House again unless I am carried in. I am shot in the shoulder, and fear my left arm is broken."

"Great Heaven! I trust you are mistaken," cried the Earl, starting forward.

"Do not move, Lord Albert," said Lenora, in a resolute tone.

"We are by no means safe from pursuit yet. Use haste. Pull fast and strong, gentlemen, for I am sure that Reginald Brame aids this pursuit, and if he does, it will not end at this river's edge."

"But you will bleed to death, Lenora," urged the Earl, still hesitating.

"No—bend to your oars, gentlemen," replied Lenora. "If badly wounded you cannot help me now, and if anything can be done it must be upon the other shore, and among friends, at the house of the River Dwarf."

The cavaliers now bent all their strength to the task of reaching the opposite shore as soon as possible.

The dense fog, the darkness of the night, made it impossible for them to see any object even though it had been within arm's reach, and as the river often bore fragments of timber floating up its surface, the danger of destructive collision was eminent. Nothing except good fortune could carry them through safe. Other boats, too, might be encountered, for it was just such a night as river-thieves, smugglers and prowlers, would select for their illicit pursuits.

The cavaliers knew nothing of the plans of their fair helmswoman, but they knew she was resolute, cool and sagacious.

Lenora herself, brave as she was, and skilled in overcoming all the perils of the river in a fog, could rely only upon her experience, her hearing, and her firm faith in the protection of Heaven.

"How is it with you, lady?" inquired Sir James, after a silence of several minutes, during which the cavaliers had toiled steadily.

"Better with me than with our boat," replied Lenora. "Our boat is filling, gentlemen. Some of our pursuers' bullets have perforated it."

"My feet are covered with water," said the earl, in a tone of alarm. "We must seek for the leak—"

"No," replied Lenora, earnestly. "We will soon be near the shore, and while we waste precious time in seeking for the leak, Cromwell, who believes his Majesty is with us, will cover the river with boats bearing torches. Ah! you hear the alarm!" she cried, as the roar of a cannon rolled across the river.

"I heard the boom of a heavy gun," replied the earl. "What of that?"

"It is Cromwell's signal for all his river guards to be on the alert for an escaping loyalist," said Lenora. "Fortunately the fog is so dense that torches can help them but little. Pull on, gentlemen, so long as our boat will float. If she sinks before we reach the shore, better drown than trust to the mercy of the fanatics and ruffians of the usurper. Silence now, for boats may be lying in wait."

The warning came in good time, for in a moment after they heard the heavy thud of muffled oars, and the surges of water as an unseen barge swept near them.

In another moment they heard a heavy crash, loud shouts of rage and terror, and knew that two barges had collided.

"Pull, gentlemen!" said Lenora, quickly. "We are not far from land, for these barges must have left the shore on hearing the signal gun."

The cavaliers obeyed lustily, though their leaky craft pulled heavily, being nearly half full of water.

"We are sinking," cried Sir James, in a hoarse whisper, almost a shout, so terrible was their danger, as he felt the handle of his oar touch the water in the boat.

"Courage!" said Lenora, and in a moment after the bow of the boat ran far up on a sloping, marshy shore, the edge of a sedgy field, once a flourishing river garden.

"Land, gentlemen. And now, Lord Albert, I will thank you for your arm. But no—I forgot your wound," said Lenora.

The earl tossed his oar aside, and passing his unwounded arm around her waist, bore her tenderly ashore, where Sir James was already.

"Where are we? for I am totally lost," said Sir James.

"I have a friend not far off, who has watched for my coming many a night," said Lenora. "That is, unless I have steered awry, and made land below Freeman's marshes. I will risk a signal."

She blew a shrill, rattling whistle, making a sound much like the cry of a river bird, and the same sound was repeated not far off.

"He will be here in a moment now," said Lenora, whose voice had become very weak, and who was forced to lean all her weight upon the arm of the earl.

"He? And who is he?" asked Lord Albert.

"The River Dwarf," replied Lenora, and with these words she swooned from loss of blood.

Lord Albert feared that she was dead or dying, and, reckless of the danger of shouting, called out—

"Hark, whoever you may be. The lady is dying."

"Silence, witless, whoever you may be, king or peasant," replied a harsh, deep voice, which seemed to issue from the earth. "The moon is up, and this fog may rise as suddenly as it came on."

The speaker had now become dimly visible, not in feature, though he bore a smoking torch, for he held his mantle well up to his eyes; but in form, which was so unusually short that, but for the deep tones in which he had spoken, Lord Albert would have taken him to be a lad not twelve years of age.

"What! a lady?" said he, raising the dimly burning torch to the face of Lenora. "Herself! Dying, you say?" he exclaimed, as he recognised her pale and lovely features. "She wrote to be ready to aid some great lord. I did not expect Lady Lenora."

"Lady Lenora?" repeated the earl, in surprise. "Lady Lenora she may one day be, if she lives, but she is plain Mistress Lenora now."

"Ever lady and queen to me," muttered the dwarf in his mantle, and then aloud; "but follow me closely, and she will soon be under good care."

"Haste, mannikin," said the earl, angrily. "The lady hath been shot in the shoulder."

"Mannikin! you dare insult me? Then shift for yourself—yet no, for you bear Lady Lenora. Shot! Great heaven! But come."

With these words the dwarf held his dimly burning torch as high above his head as his long arm could reach, and darted away.

"The knave was slow in beginning to make haste," said Lord Albert, as he strode rapidly through the slippery marsh, keeping his eyes fixed upon the dim fire of the torch as it danced here and there amid darkness and fog.

"And outrageously rapid in making it," replied Sir James, as he floundered along in the rear. "May the saint's grant that he lead us not into a ditch, for my strength is less than a pelted cat's. In the boat I feared lest my marvellous industry at the oar would dislocate my arms; and now, what with sliding and slipping, and straddling over this slippery moor, I fear me my legs will be wrenched from their sockets."

"Save your breath, to put in your boots," said the Earl; "for our guide has stopped, and awaits us."

A moment more carried them to the small house of the Dwarf, who opened a narrow door, saying, "In with you—quick!" and as soon as the cavaliers had entered he sprang after, closing and doubly barring the stout oaken door.

"Aid me, Sir James, for I am well nigh sinking," said the Earl, as he staggered under the weight of Lenora. "I am bleeding afresh, I think."

Sir James had extended his arms to assist his friend, when the Dwarf caught the lady's form in his long muscular arms, crying out, "You are both well nigh dead with loss of blood. Trust the lady with me." And with these words he bore her up a pair of stairs with as much ease as if she were an infant.

(To be continued.)

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

"SIX TO ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN TO THE OTHER."—The famous Cretan blockage-runner Arkadi has been burnt by the Turkish cruiser Izoddin. One feels tempted to apply to the ships, captains, crews, and indeed all parties to the great Candian quarrel, Greeks and Turks alike, Byron's famous line from "Don Juan,"

"ARCADES AMBO,—Id est, blackguards both."

NOTE BY A SPIRITUALIST.—Unbelievers jeer at our tables dancing and chairs talking in action, yet to one has ever yet cast a doubt upon the annual "Speech from the Throne."

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.—(Query in Advertisements, as thus):—"To be sold, a bargain, a most disagreeable and undesirable detached cottage, in the charming neighbourhood of Piddinghoe, Su Essex. There are three excellent reception rooms, damp and mouldy in the summer and flooded in the winter, seven bed-rooms, two with fire-places, three smelling of mice, but all low and inconveniently small, with little windows, good kitchen, swarming with black-beetles, scullery ditto, out-house, and wash-house filled with rats who come out even in the day-time, a paddock of no use, all broken down. Three acres of garden, limey soil, river near, and the village sewerage also. The present tenant will be glad to get out of it on any terms. He believes the landlord would part with the lease for a fair consideration."

A MAN OF LOW EXTRACTION.—A Cheap Dentist. THE TWO GREATEST BORES OF THE DAY.—The Metropolitan Underground Railway and the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

WHAT RUTH FOUND THE CRITICS AT THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—Ruth-less.

NEW BISHOPRIC.—We read that an ecclesiastical society is "taking measures" for a new bishopric in the North of Europe. Of course they are measuring how "high" his Lordship will be.

A POTTLE OF POETRY.—It is said that an Italian poet has written a poem of nine hundred lines on strawberries. Could not portions of it be sung to a hautbois accompaniment?

MILITARY QUERY.—(By a Simple Cymon Civilian).—I hear, sir, of a General of Division; is there a General of Multiplication, or a Colonel of Subtraction? What does a Generalissimo equal? Twenty Generals?

FUN.

A TYRANT.—A witness was asked the other day by counsel to describe briefly the character of the prisoner, who was accused of getting drunk and tyrannizing over his wife and family. He answered that he should be inclined to style the accused "a brandy-and-water-Cure."

THE LATEST FROM IRELAND.—A friend sends us a suggestion, which, if not positively witty, is comparatively funny. He proposes that a young lady who is not yet "out" is very like a schoolboy who is kept in for his Greek. Why? Don't you see?—Because she is kept more at Home-er than she likes!

A BIT OF PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY BY OUR OWN TUPPER.—We have never heard of a case in which capital invested in playing Aunt Sally has resulted in a profit. Yet the adherents of the dual game persist in their patronage, doubtless on the principle "Once bit, twice shy."

TURNING THE SCALES.—A deputation from one of our metropolitan boroughs waited on Sir Morton Peto the other day to present a sort of condoling address to him. Of course the borough of Fins has a sympathy with things that are fishy.

MR. TOM TAYLOR'S DRAMATIC CRITICISM:—Vox et preterita nihil.

MASTERY AND MYSTERY.—Swell (to Porter): "If you're insolent, sir, I'll complain to your master!"—Porter: "Ugh! Ain't got no master!"—Passing party: "No master! 'Ow about the ole woman at 'ome?"

CUTTING ACQUAINTANCES.—The "brotherhood of art" is all very well as a sentiment, but it won't bear dissection. Take the profession of engraving for instance. How few of its followers can rank even as Cousens?

PIOUS PYROTECHNICS.—The *Pull Mall* stated the other day that at the dedication festival of St. Bartholomew, Moor-lane, when Father Ignatius took part, the curate in charge, the Rev. A. Squib, preached the sermon (which, by the way, only lasted six minutes—don't we wish St. B's was in our parish!). We understand that nothing but the dread of an action for libel has prevented the *Record* from denouncing A. Squib as a Roman Candle.

JUDY.

WILL the tailors' strike affect the number of Chancery suits this year?

SOMETHING LIKE WHISKY.—An eminent spirit merchant in Dublin announces that he has "still on hand a small quantity of the whisky which was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin."

WHICH is the most miserable of regiments?—The Blues! FACT FOR THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL.—Though Bishop Colenso was born in England, no one can deny that South Africa is his Natal home.

STRIKING.—The only men whom strikes benefit—clockmakers. "MOVE ON."—Policemen make capital mimics—they are so very clever at taking people off!

ONE FOR THE TOPERS.—A drunkard's face has been described as "a cluster of carbuncles, with a ruby scenter."

AN inebriated correspondent wishes to know if young ladies who like to see their own reflections in the mirror, are properly described as being "a little too fond of their glass?"

It is a wonder.—What is? Why, so many people have "got on" the St. Leger favourite, Hermit, lately, that the poor horse's back isn't broken!

DUELING IN FRANCE.—The Correctional Tribunal of Versailles has just tried MM. Floquet, advocate; J. de Latouche, one of the editors of the *Pays*; Glais-Bizoin, deputy; and Paul de Cassagnac, *homme de lettres*, for having been concerned on the 18th of June last in a duel at St. Cloud, the two first-named prisoners as principals, the others as seconds, on which occasion, M. Floquet received two slight wounds. The Court acquitted M. Floquet, convicted M. de Latouche, and fined him £1. The two seconds were also sentenced to pay 12s. each and costs. It is difficult to discover from such a ludicrous sentence whether the French tribunals are or are not in earnest in discouraging the practice of duelling.

COOLIES.—During the week ending July 20th, eleven hundred coolies were landed in Cuba. Two thousand, whose term of service has ended, were, at latest advices, were about to leave Havana for the State of Louisiana. The Congress of the United States has passed two Acts—one in 1862 and the other in 1864—against the importation of coolies in American vessels, but the Executive has as yet not issued orders on this subject, which is evidently calculated to add to the existing complications in the social affairs of the South.

BAD BLOOD—BAD BLOOD.—When the health begins to fail and symptoms of bodily decline are apparent, "THE BLOOD PURIFIER"—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA—alone can arrest the downward progress. It gives tone to the feeble pulse, flesh to the emaciated body, and strength and fresh blood to the declining system. Testimonials on each bottle from General Wm. Gilbert, of the Indian Army; the Hon. the Dean of Lismore; ordered also by the Apothecaries' Hall, London. Sold by all Druggists. CAUTION.—Get the red and blue wrappers, with the old Doctor's head in Centre. None others are genuine.—[ADVT.]

THE DRAWING ROOM.

LATEST FASHIONS.

A MORNING DRESS FOR OUT-DOOR WEAR.—Violet cashmere petticoat trimmed with a band of Indian cashmere, bordered at each side with black velvet, and at the lower edge with a row of small worsted balls called boules espagnoles, selected in various colours to match the cashmere band. A violet poplin skirt, ornamented above the hem with black espagnoles; the skirt is fastened up at the back with three cashmere bands, edged with black velvet. A small loose paletot, decorated with bands of cashmere bordered with black velvet, and edged with black balls. The under body is of fine white linen striped with violet. A small black straw hat trimmed with black velvet, entwined with a garland of small violet chrysanthemums. Violet and striped stockings; black kid boots.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—A sapphire-blue silk petticoat trimmed with three pinked-out ruffles of blue silk; a white sultane redingote with blue revers, and fastened the entire length of the front with large blue silk buttons. Two tabs of blue silk commence at the waist, descend each side of the redingote, terminating with a flat bow: sash of sapphire-blue silk with very short ends, forming three small loops at the back of the waist. A white straw hat, with a blue ribbon tied at the back, and falling in two long fringed ends below the waist; a white rose at the left side.

EVENING TOILETTE.—The under-skirt, which forms a train, is composed of maize silk, with a pleating round the edge; the upper skirt of white Organdy muslin, cut out in deep scoops and bordered with Valenciennes lace; small buttercups are embroidered over the muslin with golden-coloured silk. Maize silk low body covered with Organdy muslin and trimmed with a Valenciennes berthe; maize silk sash tied in the centre of the skirt at the back; small tufts of buttercups and light grasses in the hair.

The hairdressers in Paris are turning their attention more than ever to hair dyes. For a short time the *élégantes* all apparently desired to be brunes, but now there is a change once more in favour of golden hair, and all sorts of fluids, under most poetical names, are put forward in the shape of dyes. Any reasonable woman would object to using one of them, however tempting the promises held out with the acquisition, believing that nature has given her the shade of hair that harmonises best with her complexion, and that she would do wrong to endeavour to correct it by meretricious devices.

At the sea-side the hair is worn either very loose or else simply plaited up like Marguerite's tresses are in Faust. Velvet ribbon of different colours, selected to match the toilette, is frequently plaited in with the hair. Curls and crêpes, when not natural, are not suitable for the seaside; plain bands are far better and neater.

The popular fancy of the moment is the portrait fan. A photograph artistically taken is fastened on a white silk fan; a wreath of flowers and the initials are added. It forms a pretty present to offer to a relation or friend.—*Queen.*

CASHMERE SHAWLS.—The collection of Cashmere shawls at the Indian Museum, as might be expected, is very perfect. In the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, some of the most splendid examples of the true Cashmere shawl were sent by the Maharajah, and many of these were purchased for the museum. A real Cashmere is a much rarer fabric than is generally believed. We see, it is true, so-called shawls in the silk-mercers' windows in Regent-street, but they are rarely the true thing. Scarcely any cashmères find their way out of the country; but a number of fabricators have emigrated and settled themselves in Umrizur, where the larger portion of cashmères that reach Europe are manufactured. The patterns are good, but they are not so soft and delicate in texture as the real article. The material of which the true Cashmere shawl is made is the fine wool that forms an under-growth to the hair of the Thibet goat. This fine wool, or pashum, cannot be obtained except in Cashmere, and kumabee wool is substituted for it. When we inform our readers that a real Cashmere costs £300 in the country, he may feel pretty sure that the shawls he sees offered under that name in the shop-windows are the second-rate manufacture of the Punjab. The French, some time ago, thinking they could improve the design of these shawls, sent not a few workmen to modify it with the ideas of the West; but it was a failure, as was anticipated by all who knew anything of the principles of true Indian work.—*Once a Week.*

QUEEN CAROLINE AND HER SON-IN-LAW.

In the course of the reminiscences written for the Queen by the late King of the Belgians, and printed in an appendix to the "Early Life of the Prince Consort," the King, in writing of the time when he was "Prince Leopold," the period being just after the death of his first wife, the Princess Charlotte, says:—"Queen Caroline's arrival in June threw the whole country into confusion. Prince Leopold's position became unbearably distressing between the King and the Queen Caroline. A severe illness of his mother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, would have given a colour to his leaving England to keep out of the painful struggle which was going on. It was much wished by the King, who employed Lord Lauderdale in this sad affair; but how abandon entirely the mother of Princess Charlotte, who, though she knew her mother well, loved her very much? The Prince determined not to interfere till the evidence against the Queen should be closed, so that whatever he might do could not influence the evidence. This decision was evidently the most honest and the most impartial. He waited till the evidence was closed, and then paid a visit to his mother-in-law at Brandenburgh House. She received him kindly, looked very strange, and said strange things. The country was in a state of incredible excitement, and this visit was a great card for the Queen. It had an effect on the Lords which it ought not to have had, as it could not change the evidence; but it is certain that many lords changed, and Ministers came to the certainty that the proceedings could not be carried further. They proposed that the measure should be given up. The King, who had been, it must be confessed, much maltreated during the sad trial, was furious, and particularly against Prince Leopold. He never forgave it, being very vindictive, though he occasionally showed kinder sentiments, particularly during Mr. Canning's being Minister. He, of course, at first declared that he would never see the Prince again. However, the Duke of York arranged an interview. The King could not resist his curiosity, and got Prince Leopold to tell him how Queen Caroline was dressed, and all sorts of details." On the circumstances of Princess Charlotte's death, the King says:—"November saw the ruin of this happy home, and the destruction of all our hope and happiness of Prince Leopold. It has never recovered the happiness which had blessed his short married life." A note by the Queen, stating that the Princess died in childbirth a few hours after the birth of a stillborn son, adds, "Had she been skilfully treated, her life at least would have been saved."—From "The Early Life of the Prince Consort."

ILLEGITIMATE BIRTHS IN THE NORTH.—Neither the critical remarks of the newspaper press nor the appointment by the ecclesiastical courts of special committees appear to have any good effect on the habits of our compatriots in the far North; they are getting worse instead of better. Thus, for example, the illegitimate births in Nairnshire during the quarter ending June 30 were 23 per cent. of the whole. It is so far satisfactory to note that no other county in Scotland was so bad. Nairn is a little shire, and is profoundly "evangelical."

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

ADMIT of no further delay as regards the propagation of all "bedding stuff." The season quickly advances from early September, to the cold first signs of winter. Besides, the sooner all plants are struck and have become established the better opportunity there is to harden them off by due exposure before storing away for the winter. Pelargoniums might be kept safely, in any quantity, placed thickly in store pots, 16-sized, or shallow pans, with a good drainage and abundance of gritty road drift, or clean silver sand, mixed with the loam into which they are dibbled. Remove all the larger leaves in making the cuttings: do not cut them too short, as the longer they are the better they withstand the effects of damp; hence, also, it is best to select such as are most hardened and exposed. When the cuttings are made, lay them upon their sides in any open shed for a day, when they are fit for dibbling into the pots. Do not water for a day or two, and place them in an exposed situation in full sunshine. Put up potted cuttings or layers where shelter through the winter can be afforded them. Place two in each pot at opposite sides. Gritty loam is most suited to them. Give thorough soakings of liquid manure to dabbies, and continue to support the branches as they grow. Destroy earwigs by placing bean-stalk traps amongst the branches. These are not nearly so unsightly as pots elevated upon thick protruding stakes.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Peaches and nectarines, which are generally late this season, will be ripening fast now. As regards the injury accruing from the attacks of insects, it will be best to gather the fruit before it is quite ripe. Go carefully over it, and remove all showing first symptoms, placing them when gathered in a cool, airy shed or fruit room, upon sheets of soft paper; here they may remain until sufficiently ripened for use.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

The winter spinach, sown about the 10th ult., will now be well above ground, and will need hoeing and thinning out if too thick. Transplant into permanent winter quarters lettuces, cabbages, and endive, as frequently as any of the late sowings become sufficiently large for handling. The endive and lettuces should be planted very thickly after this date, in rows, say six inches apart. Cabbages should be two feet apart in the rows, by about eighteen inches between the plants. Continue to earth up celery, which at all times should be done with the hands, holding each plant separately in one hand whilst the soil is put to it with the other. Sprinkle flowers of sulphur over peas which show any symptoms of mildew upon the foliage.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

AMONGST the many excellent establishments which have been set on foot during the last few years in Paris is the *Société Lenonnoir*, for the professional education of girls, presided over by the wives of several well-known statesmen, M. Jules Simon amongst the number, and other ladies. The society is only four years old, but it possesses two schools, one having 230 and the other nearly 100 pupils. The mornings are devoted to general instruction and the application of science to the common wants of life, and the afternoons to professional study, such as book-keeping, and other commercial pursuits, drawing, engraving on wood, porcelain painting, making up clothes, linen, &c. Three engravings by pupils of the school were admitted to the last annual exhibition of pictures in Paris, and the collection of the school has now a silver medal from the jury of the International Exhibition. The school is unconnected with any sect, and, consequently, there is no question raised respecting the religion of the pupils or their parents; the catechism is replaced by simple moral lessons; there is a large library attached to each school, principally the result of donations from authors and publishers.

THE CONFESSIONAL AT A BRIGHTON PROTESTANT CHURCH.—The Rev. Arthur Wagner, of St. Paul's, Brighton, when questioned by the Ritual Commissioners on the subject of the confessional, frankly said:—"I am always at the church three days a week during certain hours, for the purpose of hearing confessions, or of giving spiritual advice, as the case may be. Have you a confessional?—No; I hear them in the vestry. . . . Are penances imposed?—Whenever a person makes a confession, of course there is always some penance enjoined. It may be saying a prayer. It usually would be saying some one or two prayers. It would be one's duty to impose some penance or other. Do you impose any penance involving corporal pain?—It is not perhaps a question one ought to speak about. I have never myself imposed any such penance, but I cannot say as to others.—It seems to us that even those who are most strongly impressed with the advantages of confession must admit that the practice can only be tolerable when exercised under strict rule and in public. Confessing pretty penitents in the vestry is a practice which might involve St. Anthony himself in difficulties; and then, if the Rev. Mr. Wagner were to betray to Mrs. Wagner the secrets of the confessional confided to him by a dressy housemaid, to what tribunal would he be amenable? If the practice is to continue at St. Paul's, Brighton, we strongly urge the immediate construction of regular confessionals, built on the Orthodox Roman Catholic pattern, and the organization of some kind of ecclesiastical police over the father confessors."

COMBINATION OF HORSE AND STEAM POWER FOR LOCOMOTIVES ON ORDINARY ROADS.—The great difficulty attending the introduction of steam on ordinary roads, as far as the public is concerned, is the danger of accidents of a most serious kind from the least interruption of attention on the part of the engineer in charge of the vehicle. On a curved or crowded road there must be constant changes of direction, without which collisions, or other dangerous effects, will certainly take place. With a vehicle drawn by horses, their intelligence, not less than that of the driver, is effective; and in cases in which the driver is negligent, or even incapable from sleep or some other cause, the horses may, and often do, bring the vehicle safe through every peril. This consideration has suggested the utilization of the intelligence of the horse—which, unlike that of the engine-driver, is undoubtedly ever occupied only with things present—by a means which M. Séguier has recently brought under the notice of the Academy of Sciences. The horse is to be attached to the locomotive, not for the purpose of giving the least assistance in drawing the vehicle, but with the sole object of aiding in its guidance; it will, therefore, undergo no fatigue. A shaft which is placed in front of the steam carriage, and to which the horse is yoked, is so connected with the steam machinery that when the horse advances the steam is turned on, when he moves back it is turned off; and when he turns to either side the mechanism required to turn the carriage in the proper direction is thrown into action.—*Intellectual Observer* for September.

THE DIATYZED ORGANIC IRON AND THE DIATYZED ORGANIC IODINE are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases, in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.—[ADVT.]

LITERATURE.

"The Enterprising Impresario." By Walter Maynard. Bradbury, Evans, and Co.

HERE is a story of Grial:—

"In those days, enterprising Impresarios used to engage half-a-dozen singers to form a concert party, buy two travelling carriages to carry them about in, and so take them to those towns that were nearest to one another. Grial's first visit to the provinces was made after that fashion; and I have heard her describe the pleasures, pains, and penalties of the road; how, on one occasion, the post-boys of the carriage she was in took her from Chatsworth to Matlock, instead of to Sheffield. They had lost sight of the carriage which preceded them, and had mistaken their instructions. Grial alighted at Matlock with her travelling companions; there were no signs of the rest of the party, and none whatever of any concert going to take place. 'Che fare, per Bacco!' The landlord of the inn was at loss to know what to do with the foreigners, none of whom spoke English. After a great deal of dumb show and pantomime, Grial opened her desk, and discovered that the concert that evening was to be at Sheffield. 'Sheffield,' she said to the landlord, 'Sheffield is a very long way off; this is Matlock;' on hearing which, Grial understood enough English to know a mistake had been made, and getting into the carriage again, ordered the postillions to drive as hard as they could to Sheffield. Whether it was for 'her siller bright' or for the winsome lady, Grial does not say; but after great exertions on the part of the boys and horses, the travellers reached Sheffield just in time to prevent the public from being dismissed without hearing the Diva. Tamburini and Bonedict had done their utmost to prevent complete disappointment—the baritone having sung several songs and got into a very bad temper at the absence of the soprano, who was then much younger than some of us remember her, and full of mischief. Tamburini declared it was a practical joke, and had told the unhappy Impresario he would sing no more, having, in fact, exhausted his concert repertoire, when the long looked-for absentee came into the green-room, and volunteered to finish the concert in their travelling costume with one condition,—that time should be allowed them to eat a sandwich."

"Literature in New South Wales." By G. B. Barton. Sydney, Richards.

AMONG the poets figures Mr. Lowe, M.P. who contributed a poem on the Moon to the *Sydney Atlas*, from which the following four stanzas afford a fair specimen of the writer's efforts:—

When infant earth,
In might and mirth,
Burst from the chain that bound her,
I sprang from her breast,
Like a bird from the nest,
To hover for ever around her.

I shed my power
O'er many an hour,
When labour and grief are still;
And the tides of the ocean,
In wildest commotion,
Are awayed like a child at my will.

Full many a child
Of genius wild
Has basked in my noon of glory;
And drunk a thought
Which noon has wrought
To a theme of deathless story.

And many a maiden,
With love o'erladen,
Has sat with her lute beside her,
And caught a bliss
From my pearly kiss
Which warmer lips denied her.

"Progress of the Working Class, 1832—1867." By J. M. Ludlow and Lloyd Jones. Strahan.

THERE is something that reflects far greater credit on the workmen than on the upper classes in the following incident, dating almost eight years after the first Reform Bill:—

"It is more difficult to measure the influence which the working classes have exercised over legislation of a more general character or over general policy. That influence has often been exerted in ways of which few are cognizant. Take the following fact, which has never been mentioned in print, and is probably known to very few but those who, like the writer, were actors in it:—When the first grant of £30,000 was proposed by the Government for educational purposes, it was regarded as the narrow end of a very dangerous wedge by many; especially by those who dreaded the strengthening of any influence not exercised by themselves. A certain section of the Church party in Manchester called a meeting in the Corn Exchange, to oppose the Government proposal. Canon Wray presided, and the Rev. Hugh Stowell was one of the leading speakers. A body of working men, favourable to national education, having taken the matter into consideration, decided that their views should be represented. To this end each of them agreed to go to one of the shops where the tickets for the meeting were to be had, and get as many as they could. In this way they secured considerably above one-half the tickets, and quietly distributed them amongst safe men in certain large workshops, with instructions to attend in their 'go-to-meeting clothes.' They did so; and to the astonishment of the chairman and the speakers, decorously and quietly, without speech-making or amendment-moving, negated all the resolutions except the vote of thanks to the chairman, and then dispersed and went to their homes as quietly as if nothing particular had happened. So far as the writer is aware, the conveners of the meeting never knew how their intended 'pronouncement' against State-aid to education was defeated. But it was owing to the good sense of a number of working men that Manchester was saved the obloquy of declaring against a measure of which all its then clerical opponents lived to avail themselves,—and lived also, we would fain trust, to feel heartily ashamed of having opposed it."

THE RECENT FATAL ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.—Intelligence has been received of the small schooner-rigged boat John T. Ford, which left Baltimore in the United States last June for Paris, and whose small crew, with the exception of Armstrong, the only survivor, met with such a shocking fate, having been washed ashore on the coast of Ireland, near Wexford. It will be remembered that Armstrong in his statement mentioned that the boat had reached within thirty or forty miles of Cape Clear when it was capsized, and he passed such a long and dreadful time of it on the bottom of the craft before he was taken off by the ship *Aerolite*, of Liverpool. He was in such an exhausted condition when taken on board the *Aerolite* that he was unable at the moment to tell the career of the boat, and that she would be worth while picking up. When he had somewhat recovered himself, and could give some account of the perilous expedition, the boat was too far away to be got at. The brief particulars that have come to hand respecting the recovery of the boat merely state that she had come ashore at Tacumshane, near Wexford, and that her papers were saved. Armstrong remains at the Sailors' Home in Well-street, and is gradually recovering from the injuries which he sustained while being buffeted about on the bottom of the craft.

AMERICAN TALENT.

SOME of the advertisements published in the journals of the interior are models of composition. A late number of an Albany newspaper contains an announcement by Mrs. John Partridge, landlady of the Cataract House at Coboes Falls, in that State. Speaking of the Falls, Mrs. Partridge says:—

"In its ever constant pouring huge pot holes have formed in the rocks, one of which received the bones of the Mastodon, now on exhibition in this city. There is the spot to study and ponder the works of God. Whoever becomes the guest of Mrs. P. for such a purpose will find that lady doing her best to make their visit pleasant and agreeable."

Walt. Whitman, a writer of verses of the cheap and nasty sort—whose "Leaves of Grass" are excluded from every well-ordered barn, and are not even permitted to become "ornaments for the centre table" (as Mr. Lowell says) in the most free-and-easy territorial village—has produced what he styles a "Carol of the Harvest." As this translated coachman has found admirers on the other side of the Atlantic we may be pardoned for quoting here for the benefit of these gentlemen, the best verses of the "Carol":—

"Pass;—then rattle drums, again!

Scream, you steamers on the river, out of whistles loud and shrill, your salutes!

For an army heaves in sight—O another gathering army!

Swarming, trailing on the rear—O you dread accruing army!

O you regiments so piteous, with your mortal diarrhoea! with your fevers!

O my land's maimed darlings! with the plenteous bloody bandage and the crutch!

Lo! your pallid army follow'd!

But on these days of brightness.

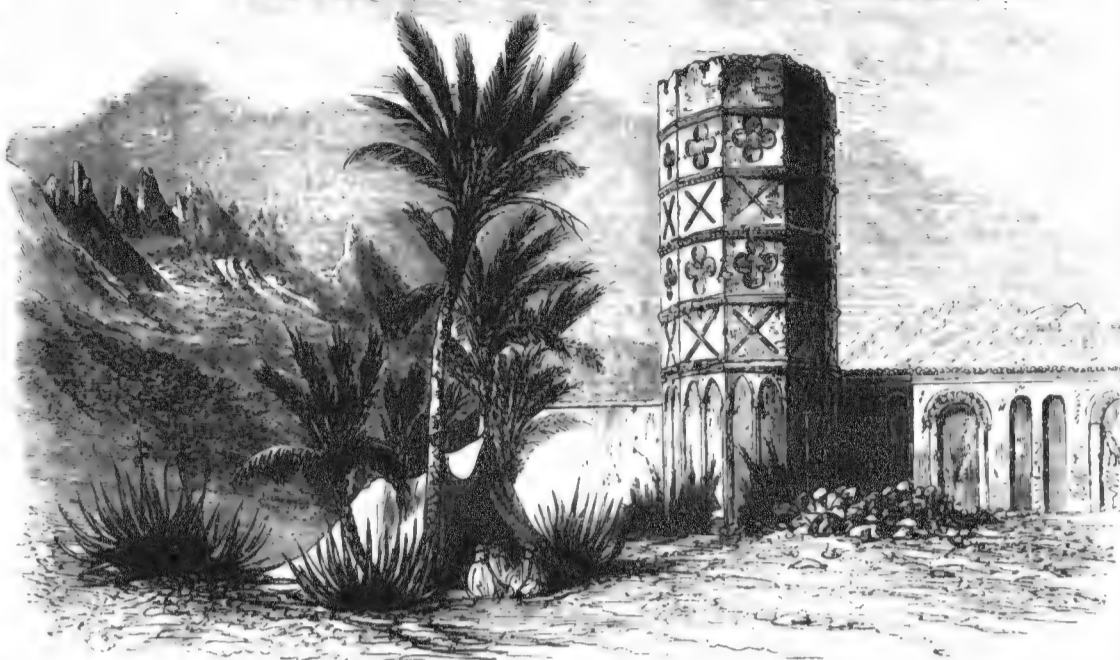
On the far-stretching beauteous landscape, the roads and lanes, the high piled farm-waggons, and the fruits and barns,

Shall the dead intrude?"

After this "mortal diarrhoea" the following, if possible, worse verse—the worst of the lot—may be appreciated:—

"Well-pleased, America, thou beholdest,
Over the fields of the West, those crawling monsters,
The human-divine inventions, the labour-saving implements;
Beholdest, moving in every direction, imbued as with life, the
revolving hay-rakes,
The steam-power reaping machines, and the horse-power machines,
The engines, thrashers of grain, and cleaners of grain well
separating the straw,
The power-hoes for corn-fields—the nimble work of the patent
pitch-fork;
Beholdest the newer saw-mill, the cotton-gin, and the rice-
cleaner."

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A Copper-Plate Engraved (and style), and Fifty Best Cards Printed, with Card Case included, for 2s. Sent post free by ARTHUR GRANGER, the noted Cheap Stationer 308, High Holborn, and the New Borough Bazaar 95, S.E.—ADVT.]



RUINED MOSQUE AT DJEDDA.

AN EXECUTION AT DJEDDA.

DJEDDA is a celebrated maritime city in Arabia, and is what is termed the port of Mecca. One of our engravings represents an execution at that place, which is carried out by decapitation. The executioner is an "expert" in the business, as he seldom fails in severing the head at one blow.—Our other illustration is that of a ruined mosque, of which there are many in the interior of the country, but the history of the majority of them is now quite lost.

FETE AT INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND.

The large engraving on page 504, of a fête at Interlaken, Switzerland, reminds us of the old English country revels, now fast going into decay. There are the merry groups of dancers, and the climbing pole; not, however, our old greasy pole with a leg of mutton on the top, but a garlanded pole, with numerous rewards hung round a gaily-decorated hoop. Here is the chance for the rustic swain to win a smile or a kiss from his lady-love. He has only to climb the pole, detach one of the awards, present it to her, and he is at once repaid for all his exertions to gain the prize. Interlaken is a very pretty village on the south bank of the Aar, in that portion of the river which connects the lakes of Brienz and Thun. It is much visited by tourists on their way to the fall of the Staubbach, the deepest waterfall in Europe.

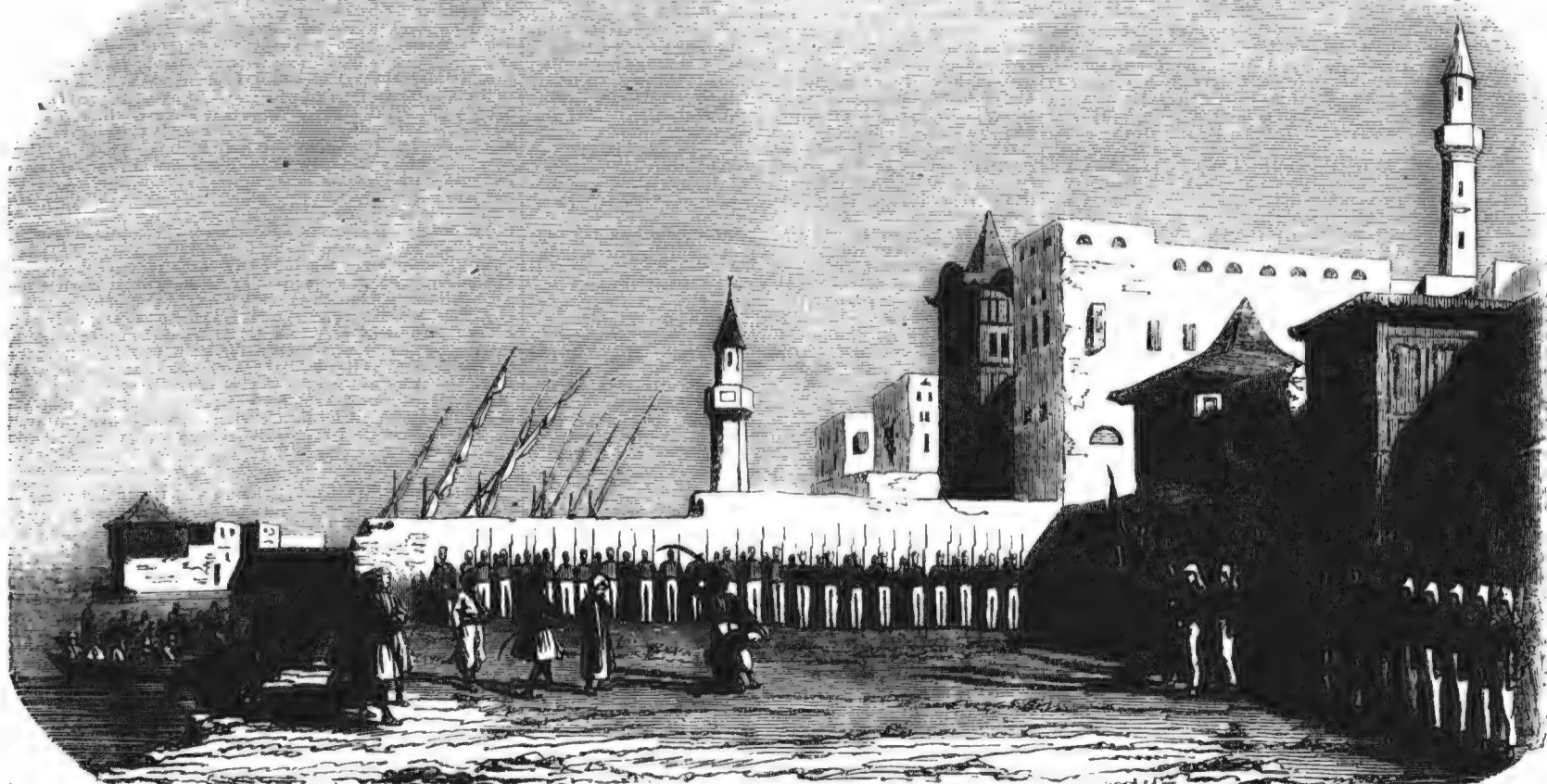
JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859. —[ADVT.]

MIDDLE ROW.

MIDDLE-ROW, Holborn, is doomed, and few will be found to regret the removal of this unsightly obstruction to an already overcrowded thoroughfare. But while our old buildings are gradually being improved off the face of the earth, we cannot help fearing that the type of the antique London dwelling unaccountably set aside for so many years may end in being utterly lost. "Rari nantes in gurgite vasto" still hold up their nodding heads here and there, even in Holborn, the Strand, and Cheapside. When they are gone shall we altogether forget that our ancestors knew better than we do how to secure the greatest amount of light and sunshine for their rooms? The London of the middle ages was but as a county town compared to our present metropolis; it was not yet darkened by dense clouds of coal smoke, it had gardens attached to its houses, and easy outlets to the fields. But its inhabitants still indulged in wide bay windows, sometimes filling the whole breadth of the front, and admitting as much as possible the rays of our too coquettish sun. The abominable window tax gave a great blow certainly to domestic architecture, but when forced to diminish the number and size of our windows, we need not also have changed a projection into a recess. In their stolid imitation of the Italian style, missing all

its beauties and seizing on all its defects, our builders seem never to have thought of the fact that in that climate the object is to shut out the sun; in ours it is, or ought to be, to let it in. The advancing bay window of our forefathers caught the sidelong ray which only throws a shadow on the modern "inserta fenestras," and now a Building Act, which gives us little or no protection against greedy contractors, but plagues us with vexatious restrictions, perpetuates the system by forbidding any woodwork beyond or even flush with the wall of a street house. When we are once more allowed to set pleasant traps to catch sunbeams, and compelled to consume the fuel which is now left to float in the air we breathe, a London house may again become a cheerful, clean, and lightsome abode.

PUTTING THE SCREW ON THE PRESS.—M. Gavini, the Préfet des Alpes Maritimes, has been putting the screw upon the press of Nice with more zeal than discretion. A printing firm of that city which has, up to the present time, done the Government printing of the department, accepted the other day an offer of printing a local journal which is "in opposition." The prefect, on hearing this, sent to the head of the firm and told him that he could not serve two masters, and that if he printed the opposition paper he would lose the custom of the prefecture. The printer, to his honour be it recorded, replied to M. Gavini in the following terms:—"I am entrusted with the interests of my firm; but, above all, I have charge of its honour and dignity. By accepting the condition that you wish to enforce upon me I should be sacrificing its honour. My printing presses are for the use of whoever chooses to employ them in any way which is in accordance with the laws. To refuse to print a journal because it displeases you would be to misuse the privilege which the law grants me. This I cannot do."



EXECUTION AT DJEDDA.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AT A PENITENTIARY.

A LETTER from Lisle gives the subjoined details:—When the Empress went to the prison of Loos her Majesty visited the Penitentiary in its most minute details, inquiring into everything—the sanitary state, dietary system, and the general spirit of the inmates; nothing indeed escaped her investigations. The Empress excited astonishment at the precision and multiplicity of her questions on the most varied subjects—hygiene, discipline, and administration—discussing everything with equal competency and solicitude. The young prisoners, who, knowing her Majesty's kindness of heart, and charity, had given her a most hearty welcome on her arrival, were astonished to see so high a personage descend to all those details; they pressed around her and endeavoured to touch her dress, while their looks showed even better than any applause could do how grateful they were to see the Empress interesting herself in their welfare, and recommending that nothing should be neglected for their improvement. The Imperial visitor in examining the dormitories turned down several of the beds to ascertain the state of the linen. One of them being badly made, the sheets being too short, her Majesty observed it, and joining example to precept, re-made the bed with the precision of an accomplished housewife. The folding of the sheets would have done honour to a pupil at St. Cyr, where the dormitories are models of the kind. The Empress did not confine herself to receiving several petitions presented to her by inmates whose good conduct proved their repentance, and promising to mediate for them with the Emperor, but also conversed at length with some of them. "You were at La Roquette?" she said to one lad, laying her hand on his shoulder. "Yes, Madame." "How much longer have you yet to remain?" "Six months." "And where will you go when

THE BRITISH MILITARY QUARTERS AT CANTON.

Of all the ports of China, Canton is most known to Europeans, it being the principal emporium of the tea trade, and for a long period the only port which foreign nations were allowed to visit. It stands on the lower course of the Choo-Kiang, or Pearl River, at the distance of about sixty miles from the sea. A part of Canton is enclosed by walls, said to embrace a circuit of six miles. Including its suburbs, the whole circuit is about ten miles. It is a great seat of manufacturing industry, and its inhabitants are considerably over a million.

VIEW OF GIBRALTAR.

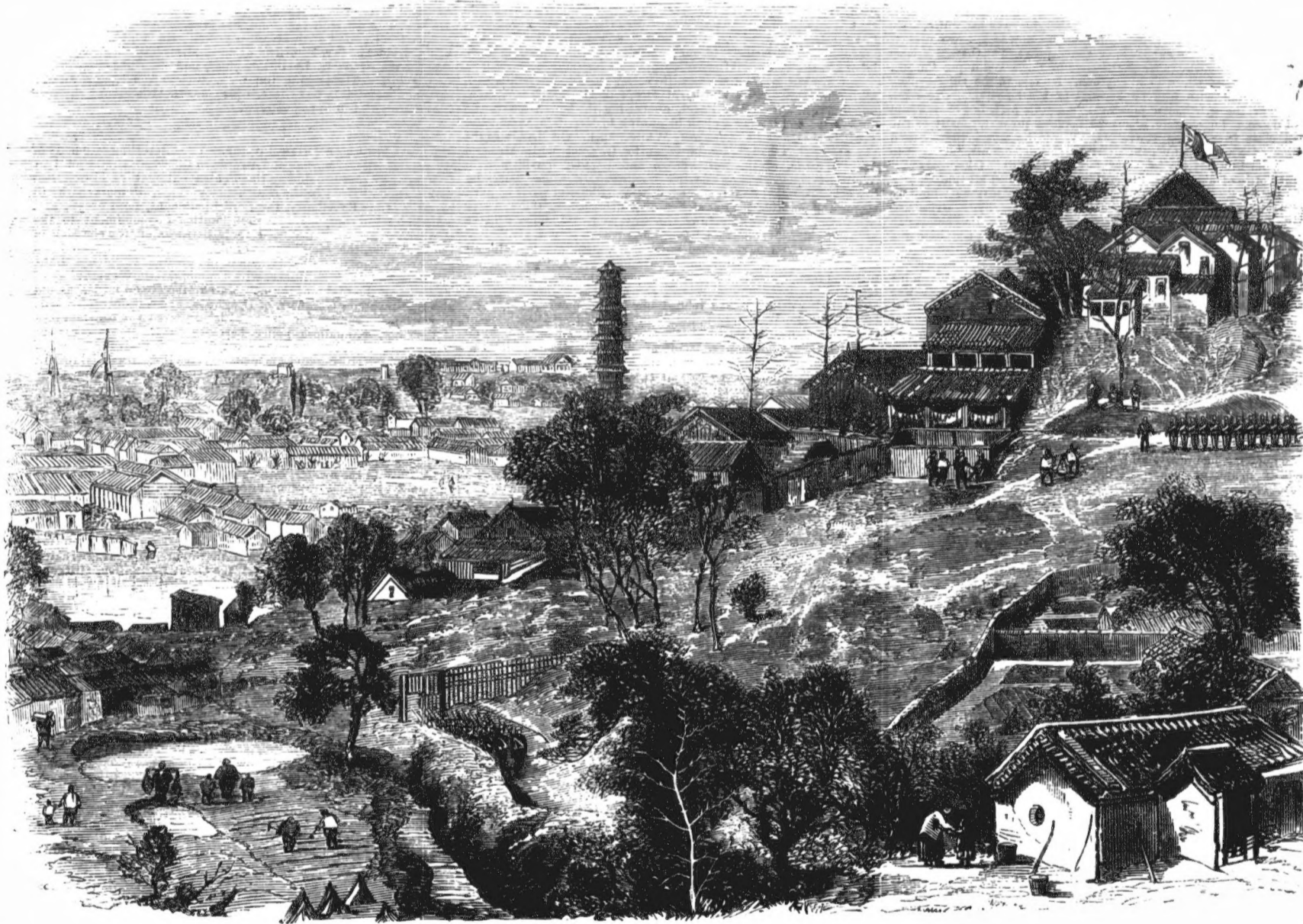
THIS famous stronghold of Great Britain is situated on the mainland of Spain, fifty-nine miles from Cadiz. It was captured from Spain by the British in 1704. Several attempts at re-capture have been made, but all have signally failed. The north and east sides of the rock form almost perpendicular precipices, and are nearly inaccessible. The south and west fall towards the sea in rugged slopes, with occasional flats or terraces. The town is built at the foot of the rock. The highest point is 1,439 feet above the level of the sea.

THE EMPEROR'S LAST BLUNDER.

A declaration of war by France against Prussia would at once extend the North German Confederation from the Maine to the Danube and the Alps; and it is improbable that the union, once formed, would be dissolved by the results of the war. The reasons against a turbulent policy are indeed almost too conclusive, for it is difficult to conjecture the Emperor's reasons for diffusing general alarm if he entertained no design against the peace of Europe. It is possible that he may have wished to test the dispositions of

INSANITY.

THE correspondence which has been appearing in the columns of a contemporary as to the testamentary capacity of lunatics irresistibly recalls the extremely unsatisfactory condition of our knowledge of that special disease of the brain which is held to be the moving cause of what we call insanity. However positively we may argue about the responsibility of insane murderers or the inability of insane rich people to dispose justly of their property, it is undeniable that in the present state of pathological science we are reasoning very much in the dark. What is the actual physical nature of that brain disease of which we hear so much? We know what is the physical character of lung disease, and heart disease, and of the organic changes which we describe as disease in all other parts of the body. But what is that change in the structure of the brain which the materialist holds to be identical with lunacy, and which the non-materialist holds to be the cause of lunacy? In certain cases we know well enough what it is: as, for instance, when there is effusion either of water or of blood upon some portion of the brain, or when its substance is "softened." But there is not the shadow of a proof, arrived at by actual microscopic dissection, that practical insanity is always the result of organic injuries of these or of any other kinds. The opportunities for dissection in such cases which the surgical profession has enjoyed have been hitherto so extremely limited that it is only those doctors who are given to strong dogmatism of the speculative kind who venture to make any wide generalizations or assertions on the subject. Taken as a whole, we are told that brain diseases are of two classes, organic alterations in the structure of the tissues, and functional disturbances in the action of a brain not mechanically damaged. But in any given case of apparent insanity—for example, the Thwaites will case itself, which



THE BRITISH MILITARY QUARTERS AT CANTON.

you leave this place?" "To Paris." "No, do not go to Paris, you will again meet with the bad acquaintances who led you astray; if you promise not to return there, I will try to obtain your release earlier." . . . I have no need to add that the lad gave his word, and ran off shouting, "Vive l'Imperatrice!" with all his might, to announce the news to his comrades. "And you," said the Empress to a boy of 15, "what have you done to be here?" The young delinquent blushed, looked down, and remained silent. "Come," said her Majesty, laughing and laying her arm on his shoulder, "come with me apart, I will confess you, and will not say a word to any one." The Empress then walked aside with the lad, and when she returned a minute or two later, her companion was in tears. Her Majesty shook him by the hand, and he went away with his head more erect, and no longer despairing of his own reformation.

STRAND THEATRE.—We are to have Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul five more nights next week in consequence of their unexpectedly great success. They cannot appear on Wednesday owing to a previous engagement. A number of laughable new impersonations and songs will be presented in addition to the usual repertoire, and the funny Sneezing Song, King Cash, Faust in Five Minutes, The Twins, and the extraordinary photographs of Napoleon III. and Sims Reeves will all be repeated in consequence of the favourable manner with which they have been received. We have never heard two artistes sustain an entertainment of this sort with more unflagging vivacity, and elicit more laughter and applause. A new piece entitled the "Old Folks," will be produced on Monday, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul and Miss Louisa Moore.

South Germany, and, especially of the Princes; and his visit to Salzburg may have produced a salutary disappointment. With the exception of the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, who rashly risked his tottering coronet by paying homage to a foreign protector, the German Sovereigns carefully abstained from gratifying the wishes of the unwelcome visitor. It was perhaps more surprising and vexatious that the Democratic journalists of Southern Germany could not be tempted, even by their dislike of Prussia, into complimentary language to the Emperor of the French. Even if an Austrian alliance has been arranged, France has found no partisans in independent Germany. The Emperor Napoleon, has, on more than one occasion, exhibited a singular indifference to the effect of political alarms on commercial and monetary affairs. The mass of his constituents and adherents care little for the price of stocks, and they have always been laudably jealous of the honour of France. It is impossible that the Emperor can have been ignorant of the repugnance to war which was felt by the upper and middle classes during the uncertainty of the Luxembourg dispute. If the freeholders of the departments had entertained an opposite feeling, the public opinion of Paris might perhaps have been disregarded; but throughout the Eastern and Northern districts not a voice has been raised in advocacy of war. The Germans in the meantime have not tempted aggression by displaying either fear or pugnacity. —Saturday Review.

At the beginning of the year Mr. J. Tollemache, M.P. for South Cheshire, decided upon relinquishing his seat in Parliament. He has now issued an address to his constituents, announcing that he has re-considered the decision at which he arrived, and will, if his health permits, continue his parliamentary duties.

gave rise to the correspondence on which we are remarking—who can possibly know whether the disease presumed or known to exist was of the organic or the functional kind? And, until that is ascertained, how can we form any conclusion on pathological grounds that the insanity of Mrs. Thwaites was a permanent disease, and therefore such as to make it impossible that her actions should at any time have been sane? Insanity, we ought not to forget in such discussions, is a disease which is curable, and is, in truth, often curd; the curableness depending—so doctors tell us—on the question whether the disordered brain action is functional or the result of change of organic structure. How, then, is it possible to lay down any universal rule as to the responsibility of criminal lunatics, or the testamentary incapacity of wealthy lunatics, while we are wholly ignorant of the true character of the morbid affections from which they suffer? As it is, the generality of writers on the subject seem to be unable to make up their minds as to whether they should infer the existence of physical brain disease from the existence of mental eccentricities, or should argue that men are mentally incapable and irresponsible because their brains are in an unhealthy state. In the Thwaites case the testamentary incapacity was clear enough; but perhaps there was never a trial in which medical science was less able to help a jury to a just decision.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to send by post, free of charge, to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, No. 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[ADVT.]

LAW AND POLICE.

PUNCHING THE BILL OUT.—Thomas Palmer and Henry Carter, two tall, athletic young men, employed at the Alhambra Music-hall, were summoned before Mr. Knox for a violent assault on Mr. Hughes, builder, No. 132, Carlton-road, Kentish-town.—Mr. Henry Hughes, who appeared to have sustained such injury that he was accommodated with a seat, said on the 19th August he accompanied his wife and a neighbour's wife to the Alhambra, paying for three reserved seats. The party got into conversation with three gentlemen, who agreed to share the supper with them, one party paying for the viands, and the other for the wine. They went into the supper room and had supper. The bill was brought, and as he (complainant) had only agreed to pay for wine and not for supper, he refused to pay the demand. The gentlemen were appealed to, and after a few minutes' conversation they were turned out of the room. The waiter then renewed his demand for payment. He refused to pay, and said if he had done anything wrong they could call the police and give him into custody. The defendant came up and Carter said "We don't do business that way. If you don't pay we will punch it out of you." He said if that was the case he would pay; and he did pay 8s. or 9s. As soon as he had paid Palmer caught hold of the collar of his coat, forced his knuckles into his neck, and then knocked him down on the steps leading from the supper-room. While down Parker kicked him on the shin and on the arm. He got up and both the defendants knocked him down again. He rose once more, and both defendants punched him about the body, and continued striking him until he fell out of their arms. He cried out, "For God's sake don't kill me;" and on being at last put out of the place he spoke to a constable, who told him he could not interfere. He must submit to the parties.—On cross-examination, Complainant said he had taken no wine or spirits before visiting the Alhambra, where he partook of some port wine and some brandy-and-water. There was some ale at supper, and he might have had some. He could not tell why the gentlemen required him to pay any portion of the charge for the supper after the arrangement that had been made. He was quite sober at the time he was asked to pay the bill. He used no bad language to any one. No one in the supper-room remonstrated with him on account of his language. He asked some of the gentlemen present to take his part, but they would not do so. There were about 20 persons present, mostly of the bad class frequenting the place. While he was being ill-used some of the company called out to the defendants, "Give it to him; let him have it."—Re-examined: Had only taken part of a pint bottle of ale and part of a pint of wine. But all that he took did not excite him or affect his sobriety. The persons who were present during the assault appeared to be principally theatricals.—Mr. Andrews, surgeon, Haverstock-hill, saw Mr. Hughes at one o'clock on Friday morning in the surgery. Examined him and found a wound on his head and contusions on the body. The wound on the head might have been caused by a blow with a stick. Mr. Hughes was excited, but not from drink. The bruises on his body he should think were caused by blows; his system was much shaken by the violence which he had sustained. The complainant was still under medical treatment.—Mrs. Price, wife of Mr. Price, landlord of the Lad of the Village, Kentish-town, went with Mr. Hughes and his wife to the Alhambra, and afterwards adjourned to the supper-room. Witness corroborated Mr. Hughes's story, and added that when Mr. Hughes refused to pay for what he had not ordered, one of the two defendants said, "Then I'll punch it out of you." Mr. Hughes paid the money, and was immediately knocked down by one of the defendants, and kicked when down. Both defendants then dragged Mr. Hughes out of the place, and she called out, "Don't murder the man." The audience had nearly all left the Alhambra. Mr. Hughes was neither drunk nor sober—he did not misconduct himself in any way, or use bad language.—Cross-examined: Was sure Mr. Hughes was knocked down by a blow, and that both the defendants kicked him when down. No one asked Mr. Hughes to leave the supper-room after the bill was paid. No time was given to Mr. Hughes, for he was immediately knocked down after he had settled the bill.—Mr. D. Lewis said the evidence he should produce would show that no improper violence had been used towards Mr. Hughes, and that the defendants had done no more than their duty.—Mr. Pettie, accountant, Grosvenor-street, was at the Alhambra on the night in question. Heard an altercation between the complainant and some of the waiters, the complainant having refused to pay for the supper he had partaken of. The complainant was urged by several of the company to pay the waiter. The complainant was very abusive, and was the worse for liquor. One of the defendants said he would give Mr. Hughes a good thrashing if he refused to pay. Mr. Hughes did pay at last, and as he continued to disturb the company, and refused to leave the place, one of the defendants laid hold of his collar and removed him. There was no excessive violence used in removing the complainant; on the contrary, the defendants were most forbearing.—Cross-examined: Did not see the complainant knocked down or kicked. Would swear he was not knocked down.—Thomas Mercer, head waiter at the Alhambra, proved the refusal of the complainant to pay the supper bill. The defendants came up, and afterwards removed the complainant, using no more force than was necessary. The complainant was neither kicked nor knocked down while in the supper room. It was not the practice to "punch" out the bill if a customer refused to pay.—Patrick Winter, A 142, saw the complainant put out, but no violence was used. The complainant was not sober.—Mr. Knox said it was likely that a half-drunk man in being put out of a place of public amusement knocked himself about and received the injuries described. He could not think of sending such a case to a jury, and he must therefore dismiss the charge.—Mr. E. Lewis asked for expenses.—Mr. Knox did not think he ought to allow expenses.

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE MILK BOY.—Mr. Edward Clark, a person of gentlemanly exterior, resident in the Annis-road, South Hackney, answered a summons charging him with having violently assaulted one Jenny Hiles, a milk boy, with a jockey whip.—Complainant, who has been in the employ of a dairyman named Pope only a few weeks, and who is a fair specimen of a raw country lad, was accompanied by a garrulous old woman in the same service, and he constantly kept referring to her as his "old lady," so occasioning repeated laughter, as thus, "Last Sunday in the afternoon my old lady zed a jug on the gemman's doorstep, and sez to me, 'Jemmy, go ax how much milk he had;' well, just as I wur going to knock at door, he opens it, and ge's I two cracks wif a short whip right a top o' my head."—Mr. Newton: What had you on?—Jemmy: A wide-awake. Not wide-awake for I, tho'.—Mr. Newton: Which end of the stick struck you?—Jemmy: Oh, the big un, sure.—Mr. Newton: What did you do?—Jemmy: Oh, I went to my old lady and told her that as how they didn't want no milk, and she said she see him crack me with the whip.—By Mr. Abbot: I did not fall, and I war not sick, but I felt so, and wur in very great pain, so I sez to my old lady, 'I'll just go an ax he what he did it for?'—Mr. Abbot: And what did he say?—Complainant: Say, why that I always wur asking how much milk he wanted; but that beant so. I told he I would summon he for the salt, and he told I he would look I up for trespass. I told my old lady this, and she said, "Summon him, Jemmy; summon him."—Mr. Newton: Did he say anything when he struck you?—Jemmy: Ees. He used bad language.—Mr. Newton: What was it?—Jemmy: I shan't tell now. I won't.—The Old Lady, who, as may be surmised, accompanied Jenny to show him his rounds, corroborated his statement, and gave him an excellent character, as did also Elizabeth Cambridge, living next

door to the defendant, who, she declared, on one occasion fired a gun at her. It was impossible to say anything in his favour.—The defence set up was provocation by incessant annoyance mentioned, and a denial that more than one blow was given, and that, too, with the thong.—Defendant's Son, a boy 12 years of age, was called to prove this, but on being cross-examined by Mr. Vann he admitted having talked over the matter with his father.—Mr. Newton remarked that clearly perjury had been committed on one side or the other. Defendant admitted the assault, which could not be justified, and for which Jenny subsequently received 20s. as recompense, to the great delight of his old lady.

A DISORDERLY PAUPER.—John Somerton, a tall, powerful-looking man, an inmate of the St. Pancras Workhouse, was charged before Mr. Cooke with violently assaulting another inmate with a stick.—The Complainant, who had a severe bruise over one of his eyes, and whose head was cut, stated that on Friday he was in the ward room, remonstrating with a boy for larking, when the defendant interfered and abused him. In the course of the altercation the defendant spat in his face several times and called him such violent names, that he told him to be quiet and not to assault him and get three months as he had done before for assaulting another inmate. At that moment he turned to speak to one of the men present, when the defendant went behind him and struck him such a violent blow on the head that it nearly stunned him, and while he was in an almost insensible state the defendant hit him many times on the head and body, and in addition to the injuries that could be seen, had seriously hurt his back and ribs. The defendant's stick was broken in the scuffle, and it was with great difficulty that he could be restrained from doing further violence. The defendant was known in the workhouse as a morose and violent man, and had on several occasions assaulted the inmates.—The Defendant, in reply to the charge, said that the complainant first annoyed him and spat in his face, and then he did hit him, but this defence was denied by the witnesses, who said that the complainant was a quiet, harmless old man, and had not given the least provocation.—Mr. Cooke said that it was plain that the defendant was the aggressor, and that, having lost his temper, he committed a bad assault. He then sentenced the defendant to one month's imprisonment with hard labour in the House of Correction.

A CAPTAIN IN THE WRONG BOX.—A portly old gentleman, with a weather beaten, sun-burnt face, named Daniel Robinson, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and tearing a cloak belonging to Mrs. Sophia Woolfe, a widow lady, of Leman-street, Whitechapel. On Friday night the prosecutrix had some business to transact with Mr. and Mrs. Weston, of the well known and popular music hall in Wellclose-square, and on leaving was escorted to her house by her eldest son, her daughter, and others. She was parting with them, and shaking hands at her own door, when the prisoner came from the opposite side of the way, and said, "Do I lodge here?" Mrs. Woolfe said "No, most certainly not, sir." He then said, "You have robbed me of my watch, and I shall call the police." Mrs. Woolfe, to use her own words, "was electrified and lost the power of speech for a minute or more." She asked the prisoner what he meant, and he repeated the accusation and said her daughter had robbed him of his money. The two ladies and Mr. Woolfe, jun., indignantly denied all knowledge of the prisoner, or that they had taken his watch and money. The prisoner then abused Mrs. Woolfe, and dragged her cloak from her person. The cloak was torn, and her brooch which fastened it lost. She estimated the cost at 17.—The prisoner said he was Captain Daniel Robinson, master of a merchant ship, and lived in Savoy-street, Aldgate. He would pay for the damage.—Mrs. Woolfe.—I care less about that than for the imputation on my honour and the honour and integrity of my daughter.—Captain Robinson.—Madam, I make an unqualified apology. The imputation is quite undeserved. Your worship, I am not at all acquainted with the ladies, but I certainly lost all my money and my watch that night.—Mr. Paget.—You must pay a fine of 1s., and 20s., the damage done to the cloak.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A young woman of 19, described as a servant, was charged before Alderman Sir R. Carden with attempting to commit suicide.—Police-constable Jacob Pocock said that about two o'clock on Wednesday morning the prisoner came to him in Old Broad-street, and asked the way to the City-road. He inquired why she was out at that late hour, and she replied that she had no home and no friends, that her mother was dead, and that she had not seen her father for three years. She had taken poison, she said, the previous morning, and was tired of her life. While she was talking she fell down in a fit, and witnesses took her to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where she was kept until Saturday morning.—Dr. W. C. May, the divisional police-surgeon, said she had had an epileptic fit in his presence that (Monday) morning, and was in a very weak condition. Owing to these fits, to which she was subject, she was unable to get into a situation.—Sir Robert Carden, who appeared to take a great interest in the case, ordered her to be kept in the Newgate Infirmary, where she would be well taken care of. While he was giving the requisite instructions to the officer the unfortunate young woman was seized with another epileptic fit, and was carried out of the court in that state, a painful spectacle. By the aid, however, of Mr. May, the surgeon, she recovered, and was then removed in a cab to the Infirmary at Newgate.

RUFFIANS ON THE LINE.—Robert Woollard, 22, and William Clark, 42, were placed at the bar before Sir John Musgrove, charged with being drunk and disorderly at the Moorgate-street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and assaulting two of the officers of the company.—It appeared that about six o'clock on Friday evening the prisoners took third-class tickets from Bishop's-road to Moorgate-street, but rode in a second-class carriage. Armstrong, a ticket-collector, detected them, and demanded the excess fare. The prisoners were both drunk and refused to pay, and they were consequently taken to the office, to give their names and addresses. Woollard then commenced kicking at one of the office doors, and creating such a disturbance that it became necessary to eject him from the station. At the door he struck the officer several times in the face, and when Armstrong seized him to prevent him repeating the assault, Clark came behind him, struck him several severe blows, and kicked him on the back part of both legs. Another ticket-collector, named Alfred Dixon, went to the assistance of Armstrong, and was also savagely assaulted by both the prisoners, who made desperate efforts to escape. Woollard became very violent, and would not walk to the station. As Dixon and Stead, 107, were carrying him, the prisoner kicked him in the mouth and cut his lip.—The greater part of the foregoing evidence was fully corroborated by Stead, who stated further that Woollard had been very violent at the door of the cell, until they took his boots off.—Sir John Musgrove fined them each 10s., or seven days' imprisonment, with hard labour.

NATIONAL GRATITUDE!—A few days ago a gentleman waited upon the Marylebone magistrate and said he wished to draw attention to the condition of an old and deserving Peninsular officer. He said his name was Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Beckham. Applicant enumerated the different engagements of the veteran. He joined the 43rd Light Infantry as an ensign in 1809, and served with that regiment in 1812; was present at the battle of Salamanca on the 21st of July of same year, for which he obtained a clasp; in the same rank and regiment in the advance and retreat of the army from Madrid to the frontiers of Portugal; also in the advance of the army and battle of Vittoria, in 1813, when he was promoted to lieutenant, and obtained a clasp; in 1814 was with his regiment in the battle of the Pyrenees, for which he obtained a clasp; was at the battle of Toulouse, and obtained a

medal and clasp, and returned home in July, 1814. In the autumn of the same year he was ordered with his regiment to the siege of New Orleans. He returned home in June, 1815. In the same year his regiment was ordered to join the army under the Duke of Wellington, and was engaged in the advance and capture of Paris on the 19th of June, and remained with the army during the whole of the occupation. On the return of the army from France, in October, 1818, he was placed on half-pay in the general reduction of the army at the end of the year. In 1821, by giving the difference, he joined the 79th Foot, but was again placed on half-pay through a further reduction. In 1825 he was appointed adjutant in the Norfolk Yeomanry, and in 1827 was again placed on half-pay; afterwards appointed, by giving the difference, lieutenant in the 66th Foot. In 1833 purchased his company in the 1st West India Regiment, and subsequently appointed captain in the 19th Foot, then serving in the West Indies, where he remained out for some years, until the return of his regiment in 1835, which was then ordered to Cork. Some time after quartered in Dublin; was ordered suddenly to Wales in 1839, in consequence of serious riots at Newport, and was placed in charge of the prisoners, Frost, Williams and Jones, with instructions to embark them on board a steamer in charge of a lieutenant and thirty men for Portsmouth. In 1839 he joined his regiment, 19th Foot, as captain, then quartered at Bristol, from whence he embarked for Dublin. In 1840 was ordered to Malta, where he served several years, and was appointed in 1845 staff officer of pensioners at Preston, Lancashire, and brevet major in 1846. He resigned this appointment in 1850. In 1851 placed on half-pay. In 1854 was gazetted lieutenant-colonel, and in 1856 sold out of the service. His embarrassments were occasioned by his having become security for a brother-in-law, a merchant at Liverpool, which compelled him to sell his commission to make good his security in 1856. He also sustained a heavy loss from the failure of a bank. He was now living upon a trifling amount he possessed after the wreck of his fortune as already named, and which is insufficient to maintain or even to furnish the barest means of subsistence. He is now in his 76th year, and has served his country in active service for a period of forty-seven years. He is now very infirm and bedridden.—Mr. Mansfield directed strict inquiries to be made into the matter.—Mr. Lyell, the clerk, now informed his worship that a full and searching inquiry had been made, and all the statements found to be correct.—Mr. Mansfield awarded the very liberal sum of £10 to the veteran.

REWARDING THE IRISH POLICE.—The interesting ceremony of the presentation of medals and awards to the constabulary of Ireland for their services during the Fenian outbreak of March last took place on Friday in the constabulary depot, Phoenix-park, in presence of his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Mayo, and a distinguished company. As an additional compliment to the men who so gallantly defended their barracks on the occasion of the late rising, the Marchioness of Abercorn, with her own hand attached the medals on the breasts of the different recipients. Sub-inspector Dominick F. Burke, who commanded the constabulary at Tallaght on the night of the 5th March, received a medal, as did also Sub-inspector Gardiner, of Drogheda, and Sub-inspector Milling, who commanded the party which relieved the constabulary stationed at Kilmallock police barracks on the same occasion. Head-constable Adams, who resisted the attack until the arrival of Sub-inspector Milling and his men, received the substantial reward of £70 from the Government and £50 private subscriptions. Constable O'Connell, who commanded the party who defended the barracks of Castlemartyr when attacked by a large body of armed Fenians, was awarded £20 from Government, and received £15 from private sources. Constable Duggan, who was wounded severely on the night of the 13th February, having refused to deliver his despatches to a party of armed Fenians, at Glenbeigh, was also named in the awards, but was, in consequence of the injuries sustained by him on that occasion, unable to be present. The various decorations having been conferred, Colonel Hillier thanked her Excellency for the honour she had conferred on the officers and men by her condescension in distributing the awards.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.—The litigation between the Imperial commissioners, the foreign restaurateurs, and Mr. Bernard, the concessionaire of chairs at the Great Exhibition, still continues, to the detriment of all three parties. The number of visitors dwindles daily; mainly, it is supposed, from the obstacle thus presented to obtaining out of door refreshments during the sultry weather. The circular promenade in front of the cafés has lost all its attraction, and has become comparatively dull; the purveyors of breakfasts and dinners, of beer and wine, of coffee and lemonade, are losing large profits, whilst M. Bernard gains nothing, for nobody will sit on his chairs. It appears that the concession to the restaurateurs is dated the 7th of February, and that to M. Bernard the 12th of June, so that it is clear that the latter was an afterthought, and that the whole difficulty has arisen from the excessive greed of the commissioners. It seems probable that unless the Emperor intervenes speedily and with a high hand, the squabble will continue as long as the present fine weather lasts, and then the equinox will settle the matter by driving everybody within doors.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.—Sir Moses Montefiore, whose mission to Roumania has just been crowned with success, is, we perceive by "Debrett's Illustrated Baronetage," upwards of eighty years of age, having been born in 1784. This venerable and honoured Hebrew, who has acquired a world-wide reputation for philanthropy, and his many journeys to distant countries on behalf of the oppressed of his race, has thus crowned the achievements of a noble life. In his eightieth year he undertook a similar mission to Morocco, and was equally successful. So long ago as 1837, he was Sheriff of London, and was knighted on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the City; he was High Sheriff of Kent in 1845, and is a Deputy Lieutenant of that county; in 1846 he was made a Baronet. His wife, Judith, a daughter of the late Levi Barent Cohen, Esq., died in 1862, without issue, so that Sir Moses has no child to succeed him in his title, but the name of Montefiore will always be honoured and respected in England, while his philanthropic labours will be admired by all nations.

A SENSIBLE INVENTION.—The *New York Times* of the 22nd of August gives an account of a new patent railway car called "the Lyman refrigerator," constructed for the purpose of transporting slaughtered meat long distances by rail in warm weather. The first of these cars arrived on the 21st of August at Hoboken from Ohio, with the carcasses of 16 steers and 123 sheep, all as pure and fresh as on the day on which they were killed. They came by way of Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, and the Morris and Essex Railroad, and had been four days and nights on the road. The ice in the car, of which about one ton is required, had to be renewed but once during the trip, the temperature remaining at 45 degrees Fahrenheit. The construction of the car is such that a current of air passes through the ice into the body of the car containing the meat.

WHO DID IT?—The foundations of the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich have given way, and the whole edifice is now undergoing the operation of "underpinning." A deep drain has been discovered at the base of the concrete on which the hospital has been erected, and is probably the cause of the disaster. Between thirty and forty men are now actively employed in excavating the base, driving galleries under the foundation, needling the walls, and underpinning them with balks of timber, twelve inches square, and Portland cement concrete. The estimated cost of the work is stated to be £1,500, which it is hoped will render the building secure. But that such work should be required is shameful to the architect of the hospital. Whoever he may be, his name ought to be made known.

EASTERN POETRY.

SPEAKING of the "Assemblies of Al Hariri," the *Athenaeum* says:—"The fact is, the true spirit of poetry is wanting in Arabia; look, for example, at the descriptions of the war-horse in Arabic poems, and compare them with that in the 39th chapter of Job. After all this, the reader will not expect to be charmed with this English version of Hariri. We will give him a specimen of what the translator calls exquisite verses:—"O thou who didst fancy the mirage to be water when I quoted to thee what I quoted! I thought not that my guile would be hidden, or that it would be doubtful what I meant. By Allah, I have no Barrah for a spouse; I have no son from whom to take a bye-name. Nothing is mine but divers kinds of magic, in which I am original and copy no one: they are such as Al Asma'i tells not of in what he has told; such as Al Komayt never wove. These I use when I will to reach whatever my hand would pluck: and were I to abandon them, changed would be my state, nor should I gain what I now gain. Sallow my excuse; nay, pardon me, if I have done wrong or crime."

But it is time to tell the intending reader of the "Assemblies" what he is to look for from the general nature of the composition. All the Assemblies are written after the same model. One Al Hariri, who, like the merchant in Sadi, is continually wandering from Baghdad to Damascus, from Damascus to Aleppo, and from Aleppo to Mekka, is eternally encountering a professional story-teller, called Abu Zaid, who recites verses and tells a dull tale, and so beguiles his hearers into supplying him with money, which he squanders with recklessness equal to the ease with which he obtains the cash. There is no incident whatever in the tales, and their only merit consists in all sorts of *tour de force* in composition; such as lines that may be read either backward or forward, lengthy double meanings, and innumerable illusions to Arab legends and proverbial sayings. We will give one specimen:—

"Behold I had a slave girl, elegant of shape, smooth of cheek, patient to labour. At one time she ambled like a good steed, at another she slept in her bed; even in July thou wouldst feel her touch to be cool.—She had understanding and discretion, sharpness and wit, a hand with fingers, but a mouth without teeth; yet did she pique as with tongue of snake, and saunter in training robe; and she was displayed in blackness and whiteness, and she drunk, but not from cisterns. She was now truth-telling, now beguiling; now hiding, now peeping forth, yet fitted for employment, obedient in poverty and in wealth; if thou didst spurn, she showed affection, but if thou didst put her from thee she remained quietly apart.—Generally would she serve thee, and be courteous to thee, though sometimes she might be froward to thee, and pain thee, and trouble thee.—Now this youth asked her service of me for a purpose of his own, and I made her his servant, without reward;—On the condition that he should enjoy the use of her, but not burden her with more than she could bear.—But he forced on her too hard a work, and exacted of her long labour;—Then returned her to me broken in health, offering a compensation which I accept not."

The explanation of the above is as follows:—

"I had a needle, straight of shape and smooth of side, lasting for work; that sometimes moved quickly in the sewer's hands, and sometimes rested in the needle-box; it was sometimes used in July, it had strength to hold with its rein of thread, it had sharpness and point: it hemmed the garment by the aid of the sewer's fingers; it had a mouth (eye) without teeth; it sometimes pricked with its point, as it was driven through the cloth: it carried a long thread after it; it had sometimes a black and sometimes a white thread; it was bedewed only with the sweat of the sewer's hand; it sewed the cloth or lined it; it now hid itself behind the cloth, and now appeared again; it was adapted for use; it went easily into any orifice, small or large; if thou didst read anything it joined it, but if thou didst lay it aside in the needle-box, it remained when it was put, mostly did it serve and adorn thee with its work, but sometimes it would prick thee, and pain thee, and trouble thee."

A PUGNACIOUS FENIAN.—At the Bradford Borough Court on Monday, a man of the name of John Lawler was charged by Sergeant Hopkin with interfering with him in the discharge of his duty. On Saturday night Hopkin was endeavouring to remove some men who were creating a disturbance in a passage in Ivegate, when the prisoner interfered, and was so troublesome that Hopkin had to obtain the assistance of Mr. George Hartley, ex-relieving officer, and the prisoner was taken into custody. A card was found in Lawler's possession, which bore a representation of James Stephens, surrounded by portraits of Mulgany, J. O'Connor, T. C. Cory, J. O'Leary, W. F. Rowntree, O'Donovan (Rosar), and C. J. Kickham. In the centre of the card was the letter "C," having at the top the words "The Irish Republic," and underneath "The Irish Executive." There were some other emblems and portraits on the card. The pugnacious Fenian was fined 5s., and 7s. expenses, or 10 days' imprisonment in default.

DEATH FROM CHLORODYNE.—Considerable excitement was created in the town of Harleston, Norfolk, on Saturday last, by the report that a woman named Elizabeth Saunders had been poisoned by chlorodyne. The deceased had for several years been in the employ of Mr. T. S. Stanton, of Mendham, who supplies the town with milk. While on her rounds with the milk on Saturday morning she called on Mrs. Arnold, and, complaining to her that she was suffering from diarrhoea, Mrs. Arnold gave her a dose of chlorodyne, which had, as she thought, been prepared for her son, but which it turned out was undiluted. On discovering her mistake Mrs. Arnold sent for Saunders, and gave her some antimony as an antidote. She was, however, left to go on her way, and not returning home at her

usual time inquiry was made for her, and she was found between ten and eleven o'clock in a water-closet in the town in a state of unconsciousness. Medical attendance was called in and every attention shown her, but she never rallied, and only lingered till ten o'clock at night. An inquest was held on Monday morning before H. E. Garrod, Esq., deputy-coroner, when a verdict of "Accidental death" from an overdose of chlorodyne was returned.

FREEMASONRY.

GRAND LODGE.

THE Quarterly Communication of Grand Lodge was held at the Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, the 4th inst.

In the absence of the Earl of Zetland, the throne was occupied by the Earl of Limerick. Lord Elliot officiated as Senior Grand Warden, Bro. Hervey as Junior Grand Warden.

After the reading and confirmation of the minutes, the report of the Board of Benevolence for the last quarter was read, containing a recommendation for a grant of £50 to Bro. A. Peacock, of Lodge of Love and Honour (No. 285), Shepton Mallet.

Bro. Clabon having presided at the Board of Benevolence when the grant was recommended, moved that it be confirmed on the following grounds—that Bro. Peacock was seventy-five years of age; that he had been thirty-two years a subscribing member; and that he was a Past Master of four lodges. He had been a subscribing member to one lodge at Shepton Mallet for sixteen years, fourteen of which he had acted as Treasurer. In 1862 he ceased to subscribe, through misfortune; he then went to reside with his son, who has since that time also been unfortunate.

The Junior Grand Warden seconded the motion, and it was passed unanimously.

PANMURE LODGE (No. 720).—The summer festival of this excellent lodge took place on the 27th ult. at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, to which ladies were invited; a more pleasant reunion could not have taken place. Bro. Lilley, P.M., took the chair, in the unavoidable absence of the W.M., illness being the cause. Bro. Smith acted as S.W., and Bro. Gates as J.W. The banquet was in Bros. Bertram and Roberts' usual style of excellence. Upon the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal and Masonic toasts were given and heartily responded to. Bro. Thomas, P.M., proposed "The W.M.," which was received with all honours. Among the visitors we observed Bros. Stevens, formerly a member of the Panmure Lodge; Pulsford, S.W. of Lodge No. 1,158; Smith, &c. Bro. Smith returned thanks for the health of the visitors, making some pretty allusions to the pretty faces—the brethren being surrounded by the light of such eyes as would almost eclipse the light of Freemasonry. It was very proper that ladies were excluded from the lodges, for it was quite certain that very little Masonic work would be done, as the ladies must have the attention of the brethren drawn to them. The most important toast of the evening was that of "The Ladies." Bro. Huntley acted as their champion, and returned thanks in eloquent and graceful terms. In conclusion, we must say, if all lodges would follow such an example, it would tend, in a measure, to do away with the objection some ladies have to the tie "not matrimonial" but the "mystic."

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NOTICE.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS of this Week contains the commencement of

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J. GRIERSON, General Manager.
Paddington, August 28th.

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Paris the following morning at 7.0 a.m., at the greatly-
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